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TEMPLE

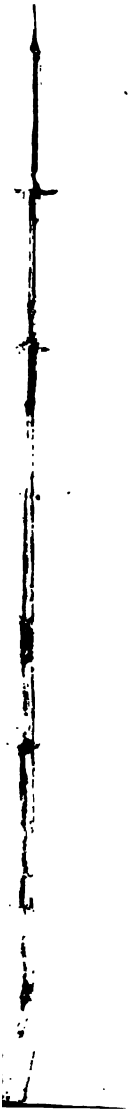
OF

THE FAIRIES.

TEMPLE

OF

THE FAIRIES.



TEMPLE

OF

THE FAIRIES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

OF VARIOUS AUTHORS.

VOL. I.

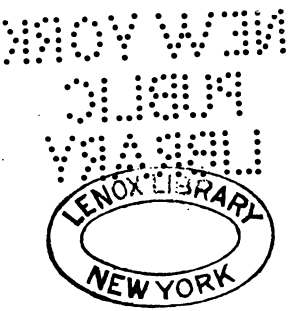
——— il vero condito in molli versi
I piu schivi allettando ha persuaso:
Cosi al egro fanciul porgiam aspersi
Di soave licor gli orli del vaso. *Tasso.*

——— the truth in pleasing tales convey'd,
Will oft to good the vicious mind persuade:
So to the wayward child we wish to live,
The med'cin'd vase, with honey touch'd, we give.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY VERNOR AND HOOD,
No. 31, *Poultry.*

1804.

C. M. H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DEDICATION.

TO

LORD VISCOUNT COURTNAY.

My Lord,

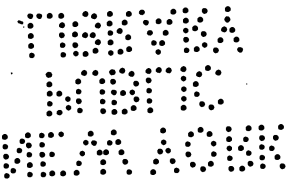
I beg leave to dedicate the first volume of this work to you: not because I deem it of sufficient importance to engage the attention of one possessing a taste so delicate and refined; but because it gives me a new opportunity of expressing how sensibly I feel the many marks of kindness and friendship, which you have obligingly bestowed on him who will ever remain,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Obliged and grateful servant,

THE TRANSLATOR.



TO THE PUBLIC.

THE belief of the existence of Fairies has been general over the civilized world, and has not long been abandoned by the enlightened societies of Europe. We have had, not more than a century back, the written testimonies of many persons of learning and veracity, that such beings were then frequently seen; and certainly the idea of a set of supernatural and invisible agents watching all our actions, is not founded in gross ignorance. We are told by a writer, eminent for his metaphisical acuteness, that

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth,
"Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake."

But leaving out of dispute the question of actual existence, I believe no one *will deny that there* could not be a bet-

ter foundation on which to build a system of moral instruction and entertainment. Many persons, of both sexes, eminent for talents and for great literary endowments, have thought the same, and have devoted their time to the experiment. The public is now presented with a selection from their several labours, and it is not doubted that the work will be generally received and countenanced, notwithstanding the affected refinements of modern education, by which children are taught, at an early age, to philosophize away all those susceptibilities that lead, when properly directed, to the most heroic virtues.

TEMPLE OF THE FAIRIES.

When William of Normandy had raised himself to the English throne, he turned his first attention to reward the merits of those whose courage had contributed to his advancement. In this number the young, the brave, the amiable Reginald de Granville was not to be forgotten; he received from the hands of the conqueror, a liberal donation in lands to the north of the Trent, and hastened to take possession of them. He found the gift greatly surpassing what he supposed of his own merits—it extend-

ed on the south side over many fertile plains, and towards the north, stretched into the wild and romantic scenes of Derbyshire. De Granville immediately erected a strong castle on one of the most considerable eminences in his possession, and, while it served to guard the principal passes through the centre of the kingdom, soon became the seat of the most refined hospitality. The amiable manners of the proprietor drew the neighbouring barons, without exception, to solicit his acquaintance or his friendship. The intercourse, of the most familiar kind, which this gave him in many families, did not fail to turn his attention from scenes of war and tumult to the pleasures of domestic life: he solicited, and obtained, in marriage the lovely daughter of Sir Theodore de Lacy, and if congeniality of sentiment, purity of heart, and the most tender mutual attachment, could be supposed to insure happiness, the lot of these two amiable persons must have been enviable to all around them. They seemed to live but for each other: they spent much of their time together in directing the improvements to be made in their domains, or in wandering, unattended, amongst the wild and awful scenes that nature spread out in their neighbourhood. In one of these rambles they entered a narrow glen, surrounded by high and towering rocks, and filled

with a great variety of trees and shrubs. They had not proceeded far in examining this delightful retreat, when they perceived the entrance to a natural grotto in the rock, and de Granville observing his lady considerably fatigued by her walk, proposed to enter and sit down. They seated themselves on some large stones within the entrance, and while conversing on the many beautiful places they had passed, during their excursion, were struck with the appearance of many brilliant spars and irregular incrustations on the roof and sides of the grotto. This excited their curiosity, and led to an attentive examination of the place. The cavern contracted as it receded from the entrance, into a narrow and dark passage, though sufficiently large to admit a person upright. The Baron de Granville and his lady pursued this, with cautious steps, for some time, and at last perceived a glimmering of light from above, which increased as they advanced, and served to guide them till they reached a small stream of water that ran rapidly across the cave. Here therefore their progress would have terminated; but, looking forwards, they were struck with astonishment and delight at the beauty of the scene. The cavern seemed greatly enlarged in height and in extent, and had the appearance of a magnificent gothic chapel, decorated with gems and precious stones

of every kind, and reflecting innumerable colours as the light fell upon them from a fissure in the top of the roof.

The Baroness expressed an ardent desire to examine more minutely the beauties of this wonderful scene, and De Granville, after a moment's consideration, undertook to carry her over the stream that intercepted them. In this he succeeded without trouble, as the water did not reach quite up to his knees, and he landed his beloved burthen safe on the other side. The bank was covered, for the breadth of some yards, with a beautiful verdant moss, that seemed like a carpet of the richest velvet: the whole floor besides was composed of irregular forms of spar and marble, intermixed with glittering particles of copper, lead, and silver ore. Large columns of petrifaction surrounded the place, and appeared to meet in a centre point of the roof, for its support, like the choir of some venerable cathedral, while the whole was beautifully encrusted with various crystallizations.

But what most attracted their curiosity, and excited their wonder, was a kind of throne that stood in the middle. The base of it was a large block of black marble, ornamented in many places with bright waving lines of ore and petrifaction, that seemed like so many glittering *serpents, attending* to guard a lofty seat placed

on the summit, formed of one entire chrystal, set round with large brilliant stones, of a thousand different colours.

In the midst of this delightful contemplation the curious visitors were alarmed by a dreadful crash, that sounded as if the earth were rent asunder: a moment after, a part of the cavern fell with a dreadful noise, and they found themselves plunged in impenetrable darkness. The first shock of such a situation was enough to stupify every faculty of thought; but when they found that the roof, by falling in, had stopped up the passage of the stream, and that the obstructed water, now rapidly rising, had already reached the place where they stood; the situation of the Baron and his lady was such as no pen can describe—each trembling with tender solicitude for the other, and both feeling themselves inevitably cut off from all human assistance, either to be drowned in a few minutes, or, escaping that, to suffer the pangs of a lingering death by famine.

The water had now risen to nearly half way up their legs, and the emotions of De Granville became insupportable. He determined, however, to make one effort to secure his beloved wife from the impending destruction, and clasping her in his arms, he advanced to place her in the chrystal seat so lately the object of their

wonder and admiration. The perfect darkness that filled the place, prevented all distinction of objects, yet he was so fortunate as to find the place he sought, and had already placed one foot on the marble base, when suddenly the throne above was filled with a dazzling light that their eyes found insupportable, after the intense darkness, and, ere they were able to look upon it, a small sweet voice addressed them: "Who is it that dares invade my retirement, that dares with unhallowed feet to tread the mossy carpet of my palace, and even audaciously to usurp my throne? Rash mortal! vengeance will speedily follow your offence." The Baron now looked up, and beheld, in the midst of a blaze of radiance, the figure of the Fairy Benina. Her form was most exquisitely graceful, and her face, though marked with strong expressions of anger, was full of beauty; the robe she wore was of a dazzling whiteness, and seemed like the filmy web of a thousand spiders, studded with spangles of morning dew: round her head was bound a wreath of roses and myrtle, and in her right hand she held a delicate silver wand.

De Granville assumed courage to answer the fairy: "Most powerful genius," said he, bowing his head respectfully as he spoke, "chance and not design has made us intruders on your

privacy: pardon therefore, we beseech you, our transgression, and by your powerful aid restore us to liberty and life." "Oh save us," cried the Baroness, "or we are lost." "On one condition only," replied the Fairy, "can that be done." "Name it, Oh! name it," exclaimed the Baroness eagerly; "to preserve my beloved lord no sacrifice will be too great."—"Promise then," returned the Fairy Benina, "to give us the first offspring of your marriage." "I do, I do promise," sighed out the almost exhausted lady, before the Baron had power to prevent her.

The Fairy's beautiful features brightened into a bewitching smile: she waved her silver wand, and in an instant the roof of the cavern was reinstated as before, the waters subsided to their wonted bed, and millions of glow-worms scattered about amongst the spars and chrystalizations, gave the effect of a most splendid illumination. "Retire," said the Fairy, in a sweet voice, "retire as you came: be grateful for your deliverance, and remember your promise." De Granville sighed deeply as the idea struck through his heart; but he bowed in silence, and taking the Baroness in his arms, he retraced the way to the entrance of the cavern: here they sat down for a short time to rest, and then by a direct path returned to the castle.

The Baron was too tenderly attached to his lady, to pain her by any thing like a reproach on what he thought her rash promise; but the idea of having purchased safety by the sacrifice of his progeny to a concealed and mysterious Power, made a deep impression on his mind. The Baroness, however, was not so uneasy: she had often heard of the kind assistance which the knights of the round table received from the fairies, in King Arthur's days, and therefore trusted that when the performance of her promise should be demanded, she should be able to appease the Fairy by supplications and entreaties, without the expected victim.

In this state of their minds some months passed away, when the Baroness was taken ill, and in a few hours gave birth to two children, a son and a daughter, as beautiful as the hand of nature could form them. The gloomy thoughts which had for some time filled the Baron's mind, gave way to joy on the present occasion, and, amidst the compliments and congratulations of his friends, his dependants, and his vassals, he forgot, for a short time, that the happiness for which they greeted him, might be soon dissipated. The tender mother, too, absorbed in the feelings of her new situation, thought of nothing else: she hung delighted over her beauteous infants, till nature demanding repose, she

sunk into a sweet sleep, which lasted for many hours, filled with sweet visions of maternal and conjugal felicity. But, alas! that felicity was not to be realised. The Baroness awoke refreshed, and rising up to embrace her lovely offspring, she found the pillow vacant: in agony not to be described she summoned her attendants, and wildly demanded her children. They could give no information: they had waited in the anti-chamber, fearful of intruding on her repose, and they were certain no one had entered the apartment. The afflicted mother shed torrents of tears for the doubtful fate of those to whom she had given birth, as she had every reason to believe that she had thus been compelled to the performance of her promise to the Fairy Benina. The rich draperies in which they had been laid were, however, still left, and these she turned over and over, almost unconscious of what she was doing, when her attention was suddenly attracted by a piece of white satin, tied up with a gold cord. The Baroness eagerly unfolded it, and read the following lines, richly embroidered.

" Seek not thy infants; time, matur'd, will shew
" The fate which now thou art deny'd to know,
" But only this; a fairy pow'r benign
" Protects them with a care not less than thine."

She was now convinced that, for the present, at least, all search would be fruitless; but this conviction did not lessen her sorrow: the Baron entered the apartment, when a scene took place which it would be impossible to describe. The heart-rending sighs of the unfortunate mother, increased, perhaps, by the thought that she had brought this misfortune on her house; the dignified grief of the father, highly sensible of his loss, but suppressing his own feelings, in order to soothe the affliction of his disconsolate wife, are circumstances to which no language can do justice. But where is the heart that will not yield to the reconciling voice of tenderness and affection? It was not to be found in the gentle bosom of the Baroness de Granville. The violence of her grief abated, and at length subsided into a fixed melancholy, which greatly retarded the re-establishment of her health. Scarcely, however, was she able to fulfil her wonted duties in the small society to which she now resolved to confine herself, than her lord was suddenly called from home to attend and assist his King in quelling those disturbances, by which the reign of William was but too much agitated. The ties of honour, were, in those days, looked on as more binding than any other, and the Baron, though not

without severe regret, departed from the castle, attended by his numerous retainers.

The Baroness in the mean time became more and more low spirited. She shunned all society, and spent great part of her time in wandering through the wild scenery that surrounded the castle, frequently tempted to extend her rambles in search of the fairy grotto, so strongly and so sadly remembered; but she was withheld as often, by the fear that any disobedience to the injunctions she had received, might bring some penalty on her children. She, therefore, resolved on an entire submission, however painful, till the time pointed out should come to remove or confirm her doubts. In this state of uncertainty nearly five years passed away, during which the Baron was almost always in the field, for the service of his sovereign. The Baroness now daily expected his return, and spent many hours on the battlements, watching and waiting for his arrival.

She was one evening thus employed on the top of the postern tower, when the sounds of a harp, skilfully played, rose to her ear, and, leaning over the parapet, she observed an aged minstrel, surrounded by a group of the domestics: the sounds she had heard were but the prelude to a ballad, which he sung with a sweet yet deep voice, in the following words.

*Nelziran lov'd Semire the fair,
And she ador'd her lover too;
Their tender, mutual vows to share
Was all the joy they wish'd or knew.

But, ah! how fly our blissful years;
No human joys are doom'd to last;
We scarcely know their worth, till tears
Declare the fleeting treasures past.

Nelziran's life a fairy pow'r,
In infancy, from fate had sav'd;
"Take this," she cried, then gave a flow'r,
"And be these magic words engrav'd.

"So long as this shall rear its head,
"From ev'ry hostile touch secure,
"Nelziran's life no harm can dread,
"But bloom in constant vigour sure."

In a rich vase of shining gold
The wonder-working blossom grew;
Nor years, nor seasons, as they roll'd,
Impair'd its leaves or brilliant hue.

Nelziran gave to fair Semire
This plant, endow'd with magic charms;
She blush'd to gain a pledge so dear,
And took the treasure to her arms.

The youth, for language was too weak
To tell the feelings of his heart,
Press'd with his trembling lips her cheek,
And told what words can ne'er impart.

* A translation from the Spanish of Cervantes.

The maid, with deeper blushes spread,
Bless'd in her soul the happy hour,
And, bending down her beauteous head,
With modest sweetness kiss'd the flow'r.

Ah! luckless maid! where now are found
The joys you lately seem'd to prize?
The magic leaves lie scatter'd round,
And see! your lov'd Nelziran dies.

Semire gaz'd on his breathless clay,
She gaz'd, with madd'ning anguish fir'd,
Then stretch'd her fair form where he lay,
And, kissing his cold lips, expir'd.

The Baroness de Granville was much pleased with the ballad, but much more with the voice and manner of the performer: she therefore descended, and gave orders to invite the minstrel into the castle. He was supplied, in the hall, with such refreshments as he chose to take, and was then shewn into the room where the Baroness usually sat. She had fancied that his songs and accompaniments would greatly soothe her spirits, and, attended by her confidential domestic, she seated herself to listen to his strains.

Many and various were the legendary ballads with which he tried to engage her attention.—He went back to times of remote history, and recounted many of the wonderful works of the

sage Merlin and of his sister the Fairy Morgiana; but finding all his efforts ineffectual to dissipate the melancholy which hung upon the Baroness's countenance, he put aside his tuneful harp, and addressing her in humble and respectful voice, "Honoured lady," said he, "I perceive that some corroding grief is the inmate of your gentle bosom. If it be not of a private nature, suffer me to know it, and to offer, in the absence of my lord the Baron, that counsel which my age and experience may furnish: perhaps a remedy may be found."—"Alas! good man," replied the lady, with a deep sigh, "my sorrow admits no remedy that thou canst furnish—thou canst not restore two lovely babes that have been ravished from me." Here her tears prevented further speech, and the minstrel took that opportunity of entreating to be made acquainted with the circumstances of her loss, at the same time mentioning many instances in which his advice had been attended with the happiest success. The Baroness, at length, somewhat recovered from her emotion, condescended to relate the story of her unfortunate entrance into the grotto, and the melancholy consequences that had taken place with respect to her infants. "It is now five years," continued she, "and though the uncertainty of their

fate preys upon my existence, I dare not make any attempt to find them out."

"Be of good comfort noble lady," said the old man, "the Fairy Benina is the friend of human kind, and your submission, I dare answer for it, will be well rewarded. However, allow me to say, that no idea of personal risque should ever lead us to promise that which it would be wrong to perform; but, even on this ground, your sufferings are yet light, compared with those of a queen and princess in ancient times, who sought to evade the performance of a promise they had made to a powerful necromancer."—"Pray," said the Baroness, whose attention was now rather excited, "pray let me hear their history, if it be not long." The minstrel complied as follows.

THE YELLOW DWARF.

FIRST TALE.

THERE was formerly a queen who had many children, but they died successively, excepting one, with whom she was soon after left a widow; but that one was a daughter so beautiful, that the others would not have been able to compare with her. The queen thought there was nothing in the world so valuable as this little princess,

and felt the most lively apprehension of losing her. On this account her faults were never corrected, so that this wonderful person, possessing beauty rather celestial than mortal, and destined to wear a crown, became so haughty and so possessed with the idea of her own growing charms, that she despised all the world.

The queen her mother assisted, by incessant caresses, and by constantly praising her person, to make her believe that she was something above human nature: she was seen sometimes dressed like Minerva, or sometimes like Diana, followed by the principal ladies of the court, dressed in the characters of Nymphs: in short to give the last finish to her vanity, the queen gave her the sirname of Allfair, and having caused her portrait to be painted by the best artists of the time, she had it carried round to the courts of the neighbouring kingdoms. The Princes who saw it could not resist the power of so much beauty; some of them fell sick, some lost their senses, and the most fortunate, who, doubting the picture, arrived safe at the court of the queen her mother; but as soon as they saw the original they became slaves.

Never was a court so splendid or so gallant. More than twenty kings strove every day, by the most polite attention, by the most respectful homage, to win the heart of the young princess:

the most brilliant entertainments were given at their expence, a thousand poets were employed to write verses in her praise, and as many performers to sing them; yet she heard them all with the greatest indifference. The princess was now fifteen years old, and no person had yet solicited the honour of being her husband, though every person that had seen her wished it. But who shall find the way to move a heart that is steeled with pride. Scores were ready to die daily in her service, but that she would have called a trifle. Her lovers murmured at her cruelty, and the queen wished to have her married, but without knowing how to accomplish it. Whenever she was urged upon this subject, the princess constantly answered, "I am so happy in the indifference I feel for all men, that I entreat, Madam, you will allow me to remain in my present tranquillity."

Doubtful what to do, the queen departed to seek a celebrated fairy called the Fairy of the Desert. The access to her dwelling was extremely dangerous and difficult, on account of the lions that guarded it; but the queen had long known the method of making a cake which, being thrown to them, would appease their rage; and she provided herself with one for that purpose. She walked with great expe-

dition and perseverance for some time; but at length, being unused to this kind of labour, she sat down at the foot of an orange tree to rest herself, and fell insensibly asleep. She soon, however, recovered from the fatigue, and waking found that the cake, which she had carried in a little basket, was gone, while, to increase her misfortunes, she began to hear the lions roar at a short distance: they had perceived her approach by their scent, and were now advancing, full speed, to devour her.

She wept bitterly and uttered the most touching complaints, leaning against the tree at the foot of which she had slept. In the midst of her lamentations she heard a very odd kind of voice calling to her, and, raising her eyes, she saw in the tree a little man not above two feet high, eating oranges: he said to her, "Oh queen I know you well, and the fear you are in that the lions will devour you: it is not without reason that you fear them, for they have devoured many others, and you have no cake to give them."—"I must then resolve to die," said the queen, sighing; "alas, I should have been less unhappy in this cruel fate, if my dear child had been married!"—"What, you have a daughter then," cried the Yellow Dwarf, (he was so named on account of his colour and the orange tree where he lived) "truly I rejoice at it, for

I am seeking a wife over all the earth; if you will promise her to me, I will secure you from the lions, the tigers, and the bears;" the queen looked at him, and was not much less frightened with his horrible figure than she had been with the roaring of the lions. She remained confounded and speechless. "What, you hesitate, Madam," cried he, "have you then so little regard for life?" At the same moment the queen saw the lions on the summit of a hill running towards her; they had each two heads, eight feet, four rows of teeth, and their skin was as hard as the scales of a crocodile and as red as morocco. At this sight the poor queen, more trembling than a dove on which a hawk is descending, cried out, with all her strength, "My Lord Dwarf, Allfair shall be yours."—"Oh!" said he, affecting a disdainful air, "Allfair is too beautiful for me; you may keep her yourself, I will have nothing to do with her."—"I entreat you, my Lord," rejoined the queen, "not to refuse her; she is the most beautiful princess in the universe."—"Well," replied he, "then I accept her out of pure charity, but beware you do not forget the gift you have made me." Immediately the trunk of the orange tree opened, and the queen threw herself into it without hesitation; it closed again in a moment, and the lions missed their prey.

The queen was so troubled that she did not at first perceive a secret door in the inside of the tree; at length, however, she discovered and opened it: it led her into a plain, covered with nettles and thistles, which was surrounded by a broad ditch, full of dirty water and mud, and, at a little distance, she saw a small house, very low, and covered with straw: the Yellow Dwarf came out of it with an air of triumph: he wore a pair of thick clogs, a jacket of coarse yellow cloth, no hair on his head, a pair of large ears, and altogether the appearance of being a rogue: he approached with joy in his countenance.

"I am ravished, Madam," said he to the queen, "that you will have seen the little castle where Allfair is to live with me; she will be able to feed upon these thistles and these nettles: an ass is to carry her out an airing, and she may secure herself under this rustic roof from the injuries of the weather; she will drink of this water, and will eat of the frogs that fatten in it; in short she will have me with her day and night, smart, gallant, and lively as you see me now; I shall attend her more constantly than her shadow."

The unfortunate queen, thus seeing at once the deplorable life that the Dwarf promised her dear daughter, and not being able to support herself under the terrifying idea, fainted away,

without having the strength to answer a word; but while she was in this state she was carried through the air to her own bed in a most beautiful suit of night clothes, made of the finest lace. The queen awoke, and remembering what had happened to her, believed nothing of it; for she found herself in her palace, in the middle of her women, the princess by her side, and altogether with little appearance of having been in the desert, or of having subscribed to those hard conditions which the Yellow Dwarf, in the moment of peril, had extorted from her. However, the fine lace clothes which she had on, made her think that it was more than a dream, and with the excess of her uneasiness she fell into a deep melancholy; so that she could neither speak, eat, nor sleep.

The princess, who loved her mother tenderly, was very unhappy about it, and often supplicated to know what was the cause of her sadness; but the queen as often amused her with different pretences to avoid explaining the real cause. Allfair at length, being able no longer to restrain her anxiety, determined to seek the famous Fairy of the Desert, the fame of whose knowledge was spread every where, and whom she wished to consult whether she should agree to marry or continue single; she took care to prepare a cake to appease the fury of the lions,

and, pretending to retire early to her chamber, she went out by a private staircase, her face covered with a large white veil, that reached down to her feet: thus habited and alone, she proceeded towards the grotto of the wonderful fairy.

But arriving at the foot of the fatal orange tree which has been described before, she saw it covered with flowers and fruit, which she longed to gather: putting, therefore, down the little basket which held her cake, she took some oranges and eat them. When she came to look for her cake, she found the basket empty: she wept, she sighed, she lamented, but in vain, and while in this distress, the frightful Yellow Dwarf stood suddenly by her side. "What is the matter, fair maid, that you weep thus," demanded he. "Alas! who would not weep," answered she, "I have lost from my basket the cake, without which I could not reach the residence of the Fairy of the Desert."— "And, what do you want with her, my beauty," said the little wretch, "I am her relation, her friend, and at least as knowing as she is."— "The queen, my mother," replied the princess, "has fallen some time ago into a frightful melancholy, which makes us all fear that her life is in danger; I am, perhaps the cause of this, for she wishes to have me married; but I confess to

you that I have not yet found any one worthy of me: all these reasons make me wish to consult the Fairy."—"Take no more trouble on this point, princess," said the Dwarf, "I am the fittest person to clear up your doubts."

"The queen, your mother, is unhappy because she has promised you in marriage."—"The queen promised me in marriage!" said she, interrupting him; "you must be mistaken, she never would have done so without consulting me." "Beautiful princess," added the Dwarf, throwing himself suddenly on his knees before her, "I flatter myself that the choice will not displease you when you shall be informed that it is I who am destined to enjoy that honour." "My mother wish you for a son in law," exclaimed Allfair, starting back, "can any one be such a fool as to suppose so?" "I care very little about it," answered the Yellow Dwarf, in a passion; "here come the lions, and in three bites they will revenge your unjust contempt of me." At the same time the princess perceived the rapid advance of the lions by their loud bellowing. "What will become of me," said she. "What! shall I be thus cut off in the flower of youth?" The Dwarf looked on her, and smiling disdainfully, "You will have at least the glory to die single," said he, "and not to have suffered the disgrace of joining in

alliance with a miserable dwarf like me." "I beseech you Sir," said the princess to him, clasping and raising up her beautiful hands, "I beseech you do not be angry, I would rather marry all the dwarfs in the world than perish in a manner so frightful." "Consider me well princess, before you pledge your word," replied he, "for I do not wish to surprise you into an engagement" "I have considered you enough," answered she; "the lions approach, and my terror increases: Oh! save me, save me, or I shall die with fear."

She had but just finished these words, when she swooned away, and on recovering found herself in her own bed, with the finest linen and most beautiful ribbands in the world: she found likewise on her finger a ring made of a single red hair, that fitted so tight, that she found it impossible to take it off. When the Princess Allfair saw these things, and remembered what had passed in the night, she was seized with a deep melancholy, that surprised and troubled all the court; but the queen was more troubled by it than any other: she often asked her daughter the cause of it, and the obstinate girl persisted as often in refusing an answer. At length the states of the kingdom assembled, and petitioned the queen, that she would prevail upon the princess to chuse a husband. She

replied, that there was nothing which she wished so much, and desired that they would go to her daughter. Allfair had abated very much of her haughtiness, since her adventure with the Yellow Dwarf; she could imagine no better way, at present, of drawing herself out of her embarrassment than to marry some great king, whose power might be sufficient to protect her from the pretensions of that little reptile. She answered, therefore, more favourably than was expected, and at length agreed to receive for her husband the King of the Golden Mines: he was a prince of great power; elegant in his person, and had loved her with the most ardent passion for many years, though hitherto without the least hope of return.

It is easy to judge the excess of his joy on receiving the blissful intelligence, as well as to judge the fury of his rivals on being thus reduced to despair: for Allfair could not marry twenty kings, and she had difficulty enough in persuading herself to chuse one.

Every sort of preparation was made for the greatest rejoicings that ever were given in the world: the King of the Golden Mines, in order to defray the expences, caused such large sums of money to be brought from his dominions, that the sea was covered with the ships that

carried it, and persons were sent to the most polished courts of the time, to collect such dresses as might be equal to the beauty of the princess who was to wear them.

The interest which Allfair now had in whatever concerned the King of the Golden Mines, induced her to study him with care; she discovered in him so much merit, such lively and delicate sentiments, so many accomplishments, and a person so finely formed, that she soon began to feel for him that kind of tenderness which he had so long felt for her. What happy moments for both, when wandering alone through the most beautiful gardens in the world, they found themselves at liberty to declare, mutually, the sweet passion that filled their hearts; the most delightful music attended them, and on these occasions the king, always gallant and elegant, would join his voice to the notes of the instruments, and sing in verses of his own composing the praises of his dear Allfair. The fairies have preserved one of these sonnets.

The groves, to greet you, wear their brightest leaves,
For you the meads with livelier green are spread,
Zephyr makes flow'rets blow where'er you tread,
And every bird a sweeter voice receives.
In this delightful scene
All smiles around, and owns you beauty's queen.

At length the day so much wished for arrived, and all being ready for the nuptials, the approaching event was announced throughout the city. The streets were carpeted and strewed with flowers; the people ran in crowds to the great court of the palace, and the queen rose with the first rays of the morning, anxious to give the necessary orders for dressing the princess in the most splendid style: her dress and robes were of gold and silver muslin, ornamented in every part with stars and seams of diamonds; but the beauty of the princess was so dazzling, that no one would have had power to look at her cloaths. The King of the Golden Mines was not less accomplished or less magnificent: his joy appeared in his countenance, and in all his actions; no one approached him without receiving marks of his liberality; he carried a hundred purses of gold fastened to his horses saddle, out of which he distributed handfuls of coins, as he passed along, to those who extended their hands. The queen and the princess prepared to go out with the king, and entering a gallery of the palace, which they had to pass through on their way, they saw advancing towards them, from the other end of it, two large turkeys drawing a clumsy box; behind it came an old woman, whose advanced age and decrepitude were less surprising than her ex-

treme ugliness: she supported herself on a crutch, and had on a petticoat of black taffeta, with a green body, a hat of red velvet, and a pair of large yellow shoes: she turned round three times without speaking a word, then stopping in the middle of the gallery, and shaking her crutch in a threatening way, "ho! ho! queen, ho! ho! princess," said she; "so you thought then to forfeit with impunity the promise you gave to my friend the Yellow Dwarf? such insults are never suffered by fairies: I am the Fairy of the Desert: think therefore well of what you are going to do, for I swear by my hat you shall marry him, or I will burn my crutch."

"Ah! princess," exclaimed the queen, weeping, "what is it that I hear—what have you promised?"—"Ah! my mother," returned the princess, with a deep sigh, "what have you yourself promised?" The King of the Golden Mines, indignant at what he heard, and enraged that this wretch of a woman should presume to oppose his felicity, approached to them sword in hand, and holding the point to the throat of the hag, "Wretch," said he, "begone instantly, or the loss of life shall be the reward of thy malice."

Scarcely had he pronounced these words, when *the little box* flew open, and out of it sprang

the Yellow Dwarf, mounted on a large Spanish cat: in an instant he placed himself between the King of the Golden Mines and the Fairy of the Desert. "Rash youth," said he, "think not to injure this illustrious Fairy; thy quarrel is with me only; I am thy rival; I am thy enemy: the false hearted princess, who wishes to give herself to thee, is already plighted to me by her own consent, and bears a ring of my hair on her finger; try to take it off, and thou wilt see, by the failure of that attempt, how much thy power is inferior to mine."—"Miserable monster," cried the enraged King, "hast thou then the audacity to pretend to the possession of this divine princess? think rather that thou art but a reptile of the earth, and frightful to all eyes, whose life I should have taken before now, hadst thou been worthy so honourable a death."

The Yellow Dwarf, stung to the bottom of his soul, pressed the spurs into the belly of his cat, which began immediately to mew in a most frightful manner, leaping from side to side, and frighted every body except the brave king: undaunted, he pressed close upon the Dwarf, who, having drawn a large cutlass, with which he was armed, defied him to single combat, and then, with a frightful noise, descended into the large court of *the palace.*

The king, enraged, followed him with rapid strides. Scarcely were they ready to begin the fight, and the nobles and ladies of the court arranged in the balconies, than all at once the sun became red as blood, and in a few moments afterwards, so totally dark, that it was impossible to distinguish any thing: the lightnings flashed, and dreadful thunders rolled, as if the distruction of the world was approaching, when the two turkeys appeared on each side of the miscreant Dwarf, like two immense giants, throwing out such streams of fire from their eyes, mouths, and nostrils, that the whole place appeared as a large furnace. All these things would not have been able to intimidate the mind of the young monarch; he shewed, in his looks and in his actions, a degree of intrepidity that encouraged all who saw him, and served greatly to embarrass the Yellow Dwarf; but his courage was not proof against the state in which he perceived his dear princess, when, on turning his head, he saw the Fairy of the Desert, dressed like a fury, and mounted on a winged griffin, strike Allfair so furiously, with a lance which she carried in her hand, that she fell, covered with blood, into the arms of the queen. This tender mother, more hurt than her daughter had been, uttered cries of anguish and despair which no one can describe. The king lost

at once both his courage and his reason, quitted the combat, and ran towards the princess to assist her, or perish in trying to defend her: but the Yellow Dwarf allowed him not time to execute his intentions; he darted with his Spanish cat to the place where she was, he tore her from the arms of the queen and her ladies, then leaping on the roof of the palace, instantly disappeared with his prey.

The king, confused and motionless, viewed in deep despair the conclusion of an adventure to which, unfortunately, he could apply no remedy, when, to complete his misery, he felt his eyes closed, and some one, of supernatural strength, seize and carry him through the vast expanse of the air. Cruel, perfidious love, if thus thou treatest such beauty and such virtue, who would ever wish to become subjects of thy empire.

The malignant Fairy of the Desert, who came with the Yellow Dwarf, to assist him in carrying away the princess, had scarcely seen the King of the Golden Mines, than her barbarous heart was seized with love of his beauty, and she determined to make him her prey. She carried him to the bottom of a frightful cavern, where she fastened him with heavy chains to a rock, hoping that the fear of a sudden death would obliterate in his mind the remembrance of All-

fair, and make him more compliant to her wishes. As soon as he was thus fastened, she restored him his sight, and assuming, by her power as a fairy, those charms and graces of person which nature had denied her, she appeared before him like a lovely nymph, whom chance had led into this dismal habitation.

"What do I see?" cried she; "what! is it you, charming prince? What direful misfortune retains you in this frightful place?" The king, deceived by the specious appearance, answered, "Alas, fair nymph, I am quite ignorant what are the designs of the infernal fury who brought me here; but though she robbed me of sight while conveying me here, and though she has not appeared since, I yet know, by the sound of her voice, that I owe my misfortunes to the Fairy of the Desert."—"Ah prince," cried the deceitful nymph, "if you are in the hands of that woman, your case is indeed hopeless; for she will not let you quit this place, till you have married her. In this way she has served more than one hero, and it is her practice never to relinquish an enterprise that she has once begun." While she thus pretended to take part in the king's afflictions, he happened by chance to observe her feet, which were like those of a griffin: by this fairies may always be known under their different metamorphoses.

The king shewed no signs of having discovered her, and therefore, speaking in a tone of assumed confidence, "I feel no aversion," said he, "for the Fairy of the Desert, but it grieves me to the heart that she should protect the Yellow Dwarf against me, and that she should keep me here chained like a culprit. What have I done to her? I have only loved a charming princess, and if the Fairy restore me my liberty, my gratitude may perhaps induce me to love none but her."—"Do you speak sincerely?" asked the nymph, deceived by his manner.—"Do not suspect me," replied the king, "I am incapable of deceit, and I confess to you, that the love of a fairy will please my vanity more, than that of any princess in the world; but even though I should feel the most ardent love for her who keeps me in confinement, I will never shew it till restored to freedom.

The Fairy of the Desert, thus deceived, determined to convey the king to a place as beautiful in the extreme, as his present habitation was frightful and solitary. She therefore placed him in her chariot, and carried him through the air drawn by two beautiful swans, instead of the two bats that usually performed that office.

But what were the feelings of the prince when, on his passage, he perceived his beloved

Allfair in a castle entirely of steel, the walls of which so strongly reflected the rays of the sun, as to burn all who attempted to approach it. She was in a grove, reclined on the banks of a small stream, one hand supporting her head, and the other wiping away her tears. As she raised her eyes to heaven to implore its assistance, she saw her lover pass over her head, in company with the Fairy of the Desert, who, having assumed an engaging form, to please the king, now appeared extremely lovely to the unhappy princess. "What," cried she, "am I not sufficiently unfortunate to be shut up in this inaccessible confinement, but that I must have my sufferings increased by the infidelity of him, for whose sake I could have endured them with pleasure. Ah! who is that powerful rival whose beauty has erased the remembrance of mine from his heart."

While she spoke thus, her faithful lover felt his heart torn by mortal anguish, in being rapidly carried away from the dear object of all his vows and desires. If he had not known so well the power of the fairy, he would have attempted to disengage himself from her; but against so powerful and watchful an adversary every effort would have been useless.

The fairy had perceived Allfair, and watched the countenance of the king, to see how it af-

fected him. "No person can tell you better than myself," said he, "that which you wish to know: the unexpected sight of an unfortunate princess, to whom my heart was attached before it knew you, could not fail to affect my feelings a little; but believe me, you are so superior to her in my mind, that I would sooner die than be unfaithful to you."—"Ah prince," cried the fairy, may I enjoy the pleasing hope that I have inspired you with sentiments so favourable to my happiness."—"Time shall convince you of it, Madam," said he; "but if you wish to prove that I have some share in your esteem, refuse not, I beseech you, your assistance to the fair unfortunate."—"Are you aware what you ask," demanded the fairy, with a frown; "you wish me to employ my power against the Yellow Dwarf, who is my best friend, and that too in favour of a proud princess, whom I can look upon in no other way than as my rival." The king sighed and submitted.

At last they alighted in an extensive plain, enamelled with different flowers; a deep river surrounded it, and many small streams, sometimes shaded with groves of myrtles, and sometimes wandering through the open plain, preserved a perpetual verdure. At the further end of the plain rose a superb palace, the walls of which were of transparent emeralds. The

fairy and her companion alighted under a portico, the pavement of which was formed of large diamonds and rubies. On each side appeared a crowd of beautiful and graceful nymphs, singing, to different instruments of music, the following song.

When Love of captive hearts once seals the doom,
Vain are our efforts to resist his chains;
They but increase his glory and our pains:
The proudest victors victims first become.

The Fairy of the Desert was delighted with verses, the sense of which flattered her passion; she conducted the king into the most magnificent apartment that was ever built by fairy power, and left him there some moments alone, that he might not feel himself absolutely a prisoner. He rightly guessed, however, that she had only concealed herself to watch his actions, and, therefore, approaching a large mirror, "Faithful counsellor," said he, addressing himself to the glass, "shew me how to render my person agreeable to the charming Fairy of the Desert: immediately he put on a rich dress, that lay on a sofa near him, and having disposed his beautiful hair in the most graceful curls, he tied round his head a wreath of flowering myrtle.

The fairy entered, transported with joy, which she could not conceal; "You have found the way to please me," said she, "and I will

well reward you for the pains you have taken." The king, who had many reasons for wishing to soothe the fairy, neglected not this or any other opportunity; and at length obtained the liberty of permission to walk on the borders of the sea. The fairy, however, had, by her art, rendered it so tempestuous and terrible, that not a vessel of any kind dared encounter the fury of the waves. Thus, with a seeming increase of liberty, the king was no less a prisoner than before; but it was some consolation to him, thus unobserved, to meditate on his misfortunes.

One day, after having walked some time on the beach, he endeavoured to soothe his agonized mind by writing the following verses with his cane in the sand:

At length in liberty I may
  With tears assuage the pangs that rend my heart,
  But ah! how great my woes, thus doom'd to part
From her whose beauty was my solar ray.
O thou whose rage no daring sailor braves,
Thou sea, with all thy foaming waves,
That sometimes to the skies thy surge dost throw,
Or, yawning, scare the fiends that dwell below;
    My bosom knows
    Far less repose
Than all thy stormy billows now can shew.
Allfair, a cruel fate
  Has snatch'd thy charms divine away:
  Yet once, oh! fate, be kind, nor more delay
Freely to take the life which now I hate.

Ye Genii of the waves,
If tender love has ever been your care,
Now from your mossy caves
Assist a lover 'whelm'd with black despair.

As he finished the last line his attention was irresistibly drawn by the sound of a voice near him, when turning round, he perceived, floating on the waves, a female of extraordinary beauty. She held a mirror in one hand and a comb in the other; her body terminated in a long fishes tail, covered with shining scales, that served her as a rudder to swim by. The king was greatly surprised at the appearance of so extraordinary a figure, and more so when it thus addressed him. "I know how much you suffer from the loss of your princess, and I know too the foolish passion which the fairy has conceived for you: I wish to deliver you from this fatal place, where you might, perhaps, languish for many years." The king knew not how to answer this address; not because he did not wish to quit his present captivity; but because he feared some new scheme to ensnare him. While he hesitated, the Syren, who knew his thoughts, said to him, "Do not suspect that I am an agent of the wicked fairy; I come here with a desire wholly to serve you, and will do so, if you confide in me; I see your unfortunate princess every day, and her beauty and her affliction have equally

touched my heart; I will take you to the castle of steel where she is confined, and will leave in your place, on the sand, a figure so exactly resembling you, that even the fairy shall be deceived by it."

She then cut a number of rushes, which she laid together in the place where the king had been seated, and, blowing on them three times, they became a perfect resemblance of him.—The Syren then made the king seat himself on her tail, and thus bore him away across the sea as safe as in the stoutest vessel.

"I will now give you," said she to the king, "some account of your princess. When the Yellow Dwarf had carried her away on his terrible cat, she bled so much from the wound which the fairy had given her, that her senses forsook her, and she continued in a swoon all the way; for the cruel monster would not stop one moment, till he had placed her within the walls of his palace of steel. She was received by a number of beautiful females, who had been brought there on purpose, and who all seemed extremely anxious for her recovery: she was put into a bed of cloth of gold, seamed with pearls as large as nuts."—"Ah!" cried the King of the Golden Mines, interrupting the Syren, "no doubt he has married her, and I am lost for ever."—"No," said she, "indulge not

such gloomy ideas; the firmness and courage of the princess have secured her from all violence on the part of the Yellow Dwarf. She was in a wood surrounded by the walls of the castle when you passed through the air, and she saw you in company with the fairy, whose beauty appeared to her so great, that she believed at once you had abandoned her for this powerful rival."—"And she believes then that I could forsake her!" exclaimed the king: "Just powers! what can I do to undeceive her?"—"Consult your own heart," replied the Syren, "that will be your best guide on the occasion." As she finished these words, they arrived at the formidable castle: the side towards the sea was the only part not covered with those mirrors of steel, which, reflecting the burning rays of the sun, made it impossible to approach them.

"You will find her," said the Syren, addressing the king, "in the same place where you saw her before, drowning her beautiful eyes with floods of tears for your supposed infidelity. But you have many enemies to encounter before you can obtain a sight of her; here is a sword, which will carry you safe through every danger as long as you keep it in your hand; but, beware of the fatal moment, if such should happen, when you neglect this defence. Adieu, I will retire to the rock which you see at a dis-

tance, and if you have occasion for me to bear away your princess, I will not fail to attend your call." She then gave him a sword formed of a single diamond, and immediately disappeared.

We must now return to the Fairy of the Desert. As she waited in vain for the king's return, she resolved at last to go and seek him. She went down, therefore, to the sea shore, attended by a hundred nymphs, bearing rich presents for her lover: some had large golden basons filled with diamonds, some carried large vases of coral filled with ambergris, and others carried censors in which the most delicious perfumes were constantly kept burning. But what were the grief and rage of the fairy, who followed this procession, when she saw a figure extended on the sand, so exactly resembling the king, that she was completely deceived by it? She uttered such piercing cries that the earth trembled, and the frighted waves retired; she threw herself in despair on the inanimate figure, and again suddenly rising up, foaming with rage and disappointment, tore in pieces fifty of her most beautiful attendants, whom she sacrificed to the manes of the adored object. She then summoned a number of her sister fairies, whose powers she employed to build a magnificent

tomb, that might serve to immortalize the king's virtues and her love.

In the mean while the heroic prince, guided by his love, advanced with eager steps to seek the lovely Allfair; but he was not long unemployed: four terrible sphinxes surrounded him, and, darting at him their sharp claws, would have torn him to pieces, but for the assistance of his diamond sword. No sooner did the dazzling light of the blade shine upon these monsters than they sunk at his feet without sense or motion: he gave each of them a mortal wound, and advancing encountered six dragons, covered with scales harder than steel. Though their attack was terrible, yet he remained undaunted, and, with his wonderful sword, cut each of them in two. He hoped now that all his difficulties were passed; but he soon had to contend with one much more embarrassing: twenty-four nymphs, graceful and lovely, came to meet him, holding garlands of flowers in their hands, and endeavoured with them to stop his way. "Where would you go, my lord," said they, "we are placed here to guard these places, and if we let you pass, the most terrible punishments will be inflicted upon us; persist not, we beseech you, to think of advancing further, and we know you will not attempt to stain your victorious sword with the *blood* of innocent maidens, that have never of-

fended you." The king was staggered, and knew not what to do: his respect for the fair sex prevented his thinking to destroy them; but a voice which he heard decided him in a moment. "Strike, strike," it cried, "and spare not, or thy princess is lost for ever." Thus determined, he answered not the address of the nymphs, but, throwing himself amongst them, dispersed the whole group in a moment: it was the last obstacle he had to encounter. He found Allfair in the wood, where he had seen her before, pale and languishing. He approached her with trembling respect, and was going to throw himself at her feet: but she flew from him with as much indignation, as she would have done from the Yellow Dwarf. "Do not condemn, Madam, without hearing me," said she: "I am neither unfaithful nor culpable, yet I am a wretch suffering worse than death, for having displeased you without intending it."—"Ah! faithless man!" cried the princess, "have I not seen you passing through the air in company with a maid of extraordinary beauty? and is it against your will that you keep such company?"—"Yes, fair princess," answered the king, "I am truly innocent: the vile Fairy of the Desert, not content with chaining me to a rock in a gloomy dungeon, took me at last from that dismal captivity, only to carry me in her chariot almost to

the extremity of the world, where I should still have languished, but for the aid of a benevolent Syren, who brought me here. I come, my princess, to deliver you from the hands that detain you; refuse not then the services of your faithful lover." With this he threw himself at her feet, and, trying to lay hold of her robe, the protecting sword given him by the Syren fatally fell from his hand. The Yellow Dwarf, who, concealed under a bush of deadly nightshade, had heard the whole of their conversation, now sprang from his retreat, and seized the powerful weapon. Thus then, the charm that guarded the lovers, was dissolved.

The princess uttered the most piercing cries at the sight of her detested enemy; but this only served to exasperate him the more: with two words from his magical book, he created two giants, who immediately loaded the king with chains. "Now," said this little monster, "am I master of the fate of my rival; but I will grant him his life with the liberty to depart from this place, provided Allfair will immediately receive me as her husband."—"Ah! rather let me die a thousand times!" exclaimed the faithful lover; "What! you die for my sake," cried the princess? "Yes," interrupted the king, "any thing rather than you should become the victim of this monster."—"Let us

then die together," cried she. "Ah no! my princess," again interrupted the king, "rather let me have the sweet consolation of dying for you."—"No, no, no!" said she; and then turning to the Yellow Dwarf, "I consent to all that you wish, provided you save the king."—"What!" exclaimed the agonized lover, "will you marry him before my eyes."—"That she shall not do," replied the irritated Yellow Dwarf, "a beloved rival is too formidable for my peace." At these words, he raised high the shining diamond sword, and, striking the king to the heart, laid him dead at his feet. The princess, unable to bear the anguish of being without her lover, threw herself on his body, and expired kissing his cold lips. Thus perished two illustrious victims, one through a neglect of the instructions given for his protection, and the other to atone for an indiscreet and rash promise.

Two palm trees grow upon the spot where the lovers fell, and, mingling their branches, throw a gloomy shade over a monument raised to their memory by the good Syren. It stands within sight of those who sail along the coast, and has the following inscription:

If stones had hearts to feel and eyes to weep,
This marble soon would melt in tears away,
For those whose forms beneath its weight decay:
Then let it long their mournful record keep,

That they, who vent'rous plough the briny deep,
May stop, the tribute of their sighs to pay,
And learn, that "Here two faithful lovers sleep:"
In worth and beauty matchless, here they fell;
None were on earth so fair, or ever lov'd so well.

The Baroness de Granville found some amusement in the story of the Yellow Dwarf, and determined to detain the minstrel a few days in the castle. However, as the evening was far advanced, she dismissed him for the present, and retired to her apartment, where she sought, in vain, for that repose which seldom visits the dewy eyes of sorrow and affliction. A thousand apprehensions filled her mind when she dwelt on the possibility that her children might be doomed to suffer even the greatest injuries from the interposition of beings such as she had just heard described, and, when tired nature snatched a few moments of slumber, they were filled with the most frightful presages.—Thus passed the tedious night, and, as soon as the first rays of the morning sun gleamed through the painted windows of her chamber, the baroness rose, determined, at all events, to seek once more the grotto which had occasioned all her woes.

With a heart full of melancholy forebodings, she entered the woody glen, and approached the well known rock; but her surprise was be-

yond description, when she found the entrance to the grotto improved, by a foot way of fine gravel, and, over head, hung with festoons of various wild flowers in full blossom, enriching, with their odours, the fragrant breath of the morning. The baroness stood some time to consider this wonderful change in the appearance of the place, and then entered, though not without a considerable degree of fear. The avenue was covered with fine gravel all the way, so that she proceeded, uninterrupted, to the side of the stream of water, and was delighted to find an elegant arch of white marble placed across it. This she passed immediately, meaning to throw herself at the foot of the fairy's throne, and there implore to be indulged with some tidings of her son and daughter; but scarcely had she set her foot on the other side of the stream, than a strain of the sweetest harmony saluted her ears, and the whole cavern was immediately lighted up as if with the rays of innumerable torches and lamps. While she stood gazing, astonished at this newly displayed wonder, the music seemed to advance, and she was saluted with the following strain.

In these scenes of fairy power
Come and pass a blissful hour:
Seas and skies our spells obey,
Earth submissive owns our sway.

Then let no griefs your breast corrode,
All should smile in this abode.
Vice we banish from our cell,
With black remorse and pain to dwell.
Come then and pass a blissful hour
In these scenes of fairy power.

The baroness was soothed and encouraged by this address: she approached to put her intentions in practice; but the chrystalline throne was gone, and she saw before her a long gallery brilliantly illuminated. As the music then receded, she followed it, and thus, led by the sweet airs of invisible performers, she passed on, till ascending a flight of marble steps, she found herself in a scene of more splendour than it is possible for words to describe. The place was an immense theatre, of an oval form, covered with a dome, composed entirely of saphires, and thickly studded with diamonds of such a size, as to look like resplendent stars: this imitation of the heavens was supported by eight hundred pillars of alabaster, having their bases and capitals of gold, and, twisting round the shafts, wreaths of flowers most artfully contrived of different precious stones. The intervals between these columns were covered with curtains of rich purple velvet, that seemed intended to conceal something not immediately designed for inspection.

While the baroness remained contemplating the incomparable beauty and splendour of what she saw, a voice behind called on her name, and, turning round, she beheld a lovely boy and girl, who, kneeling instantly at her feet, pronounced the endearing name of "mother." A transport of tenderness overwhelmed the throbbing heart of the enraptured parent: she threw her arms about them, weeping sweet tears, and blessing the benevolent power that had so preserved and restored them; then, withdrawing a little to gaze on them, she discovered in the boy an infantine semblance of the matured and manly graces of her beloved lord, and, had she been conscious of that beauty in herself which every one besides looked on with admiration, she would have found, in her little daughter, unquestionable proofs of relationship. Again the baroness received and returned the embraces of her beauteous offspring, and long would this scene of melting ecstacy have continued; but the attention of the fond mother was called to other objects, by the revived strains of the invisible musicians, whose harmony had guided her into these scenes of wonder and joy. She turned to the part whence the sounds proceeded, and in the east side of the saloon observed the chrystalline seat which she had first

found in the grotto, though now raised on a throne of eleven steps, composed of porphyry, agate, and amber: on the seat, as before, stood the elegant and lovely form of the fairy Benina. Round the throne were thronged multitudes of subject fairies, arrived from the remotest corners of the earth, exhibiting in their habits the style of the several countries in which they held their residence, mixing, at the same time, a high degree of that taste and splendour which are so characteristic of fairies. Each carried a light staff of gold surmounted by a silk banner, embroidered with characters in different languages, describing the country of the bearer and the parts of nature over which he had power: on the first three steps of the fairy throne were seated children of exquisite beauty and of different ages, the youngest class being placed on the lower step. The baroness, who had before observed nothing of this pageant, on her entrance to the magnificent scenes, would have wondered at the sudden appearance of so numerous an assembly, had she not been previously prepared for the most extraordinary exhibitions. As soon as her little son and daughter perceived their protectress, they ran with eager joy to the throne, and, seating themselves on the lowest step, joined in the hymn which immediately be-

gan in full chorus, accompanied by a thousand harmonious instruments.

HYMN TO THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

From distant India's glowing clime,
O'er blest Arabia's spicy breeze,
From Europe's plains, from heights sublime,
From chilling Lapland's frozen seas,
From every corner of the earth,
Thro' direful storms or skies serene,
Pleas'd at the call, we venture forth,
In due obedience to our queen.
Then join we all, in votive lays,
To sing our queen Benina's praise.

At her command thro' air we sweep,
Or plunge into the briny deep,
Storms to still and men to save,
Lest virtue find, too soon, a grave:
Oft to earth's inmost depths we break,
The costly ore or gem to seek;
Nor hard will task or labour prove
Impos'd by her we serve with love:
Then join we all, in votive lays,
To sing our queen Benina's praise.

The strain ceased; the queen of the fairies waved her wand, and her numerous attendants instantly disappeared; but they returned almost as quick as thought, bringing with them various kinds of fruits and confections, which they spread on a silver table that appeared suddenly in the middle of the saloon. The baroness ob-

served that the children all advanced to partake of the refreshment, and, on receiving an invitation to join them, she sat down, the lovely patroness of the infant company. As eating was here but a secondary consideration, the delicious flavour of the fruits could not tempt any one, however young, to take more than nature required: the repast was, therefore, soon ended, and, in a moment, the table and its appendages were no longer visible.

The fairy Benina then descended gracefully from her throne, and, approaching the Baroness de Granville, "Madam," said she, "I have ever been the friend of your house, and the many amiable qualities I observed in you, even before the most penetrating judgment of mortals could have traced any disposition of your mind, strongly confirmed my attachment.—When you united your fate to that of the Baron de Granville, I watched over you: I calculated, as far as it is permitted us to know, what fate had in store for you. I saw your nuptials would be crowned with all that felicity which reciprocal affection can bestow, and I saw too that you would be the parent of two lovely children; but a dark portentous cloud spread itself over this part of your history, and left me without the power to discern the future distinctly through it. I therefore contrived to lead you and your

lord to my grotto in the mountain, and there extorted a promise from you, for without the consent of mortals we have little power over them, to surrender your first offspring to me.—I now find, that a calamity, which threatened your son and daughter, has been averted by their residence with me, and though another still more serious awaits them, if they leave my protection before they reach their fourteenth year, still I hope, after that period, to restore them to you and to their relations, as worthy ornaments to any society."—"Alas! benevolent fairy," sighed out the baroness, "am I then destined to lose, for so many years, the sweet converse of my children, or the pleasure of forming their minds to virtue."—"You shall have little cause for regret or anxiety," interrupted the fairy; "but you must purchase indulgence by submission. Your son I have called Reginald, after his father, and your daughter bears the name of Elenor, because of her resemblance to you. On the first day of every month my grotto shall be open to you, as it is to day, for two hours, and you will then have the opportunity to judge how far the fairy Benina is the faithful friend of your children and of your house."

The fairy then motioned with her hand, and Reginald ran once more to embrace his mo-

ther, eagerly followed by the little Elenor. The fond parent entered with them into that kind of intercourse which leads the infant mind to shew itself, and was delighted to observe how much beyond their years they were cultivated and informed. They were able to name the various precious materials of the edifice around them, and even to describe the countries from which many of them had been brought; but when the baroness asked them respecting the rich draperies that covered the intervals between the columns, they remained silent, and turned with an enquiring look to their fairy protectress. "It is permitted, my lovely pupils," said she, with a voice of sweet condescension. She then led the baroness and her children towards one of the curtains, which, as they approached, drew up, and discovered a painting of exquisite workmanship, representing a giant stretched asleep on a rock over a cavern in which some children appeared to have taken refuge.

"This," said the graceful Benina, "is the first lesson in our system of conveying moral instruction by interesting narratives. Reginald is well acquainted with the subject of the picture and shall relate it." The baroness, as directed, seated herself between her son and daughter, on a sofa that stood opposite the painting, and the *juvenile historian* thus began:

MINET.

SECOND TALE.

THERE lived formerly, in the kingdom of Navarre, a count who possessed many castles and large domains. His manner of living, however, was so extravagant, that he sold one estate after another to supply his expences, and he was at last reduced to extreme poverty. It is impossible to conceive any situation more distressful than that of a poor gentleman, who knows no labour or trade by which he can procure bread for his wife and starving family. Such was the case with the count, and his difficulties were not a little augmented, by a scarcity which then prevailed throughout the land. He had a wife

and four children to provide for, who had been accustomed, during his affluence, to every luxury, except the youngest, who was named Minet, and who, from some dislike which his parents had conceived for him, had always been treated with extreme harshness and severity. He was at this time about five years old, and with an extraordinary sweetness of disposition, possessed a degree of understanding much beyond his age: he tried, by the most affectionate attentions, to soothe the gloomy hours of his father and mother; but his efforts were unnoticed; he often gave up the scanty morsel that was destined for his own meal, to increase the allowance of his sister and brothers; but they always received it with insolence, as something they had a right to.

It was the custom of their mother to put these children to bed at an early hour, in order to save a meal which she had not the power to give them, and she generally spent her evening afterwards in contriving, with the count, plans for alleviating their distress. They were thus engaged one night, when little Minet, whom hunger kept awake, overheard the count propose to his wife to take the four children out early the next morning, and to lose them in a distant forest, whence they would not be able to *find their* way back. "Ah!" cried the tender

mother, "can I consent to destroy my children? I would rather bear to see them die with hunger, which I cannot prevent, than be myself the cause of their death." Her husband represented to her again and again the chance there was that some charitable person might find and take them home to nourish and keep; whereas, if they remained much longer with him, they must inevitably perish for want of food. These arguments, however, failed to convince the tender-hearted countess, and he was obliged to lay his commands that it should be done, which she was too good a wife to dispute. It was at last therefore agreed that they should both go with the children early in the morning.

Minet arose before the dawn of day, went to a neighbouring brook, where he filled his pocket with little white pebbles, and returned home before his father and mother got up. When they were all ready to set out, the children received each a small piece of bread, the last which the poor countess had left. They proceeded a long way, wandering about the country, till the sun became too hot for them, and they entered a shady wood to rest themselves. Minet had taken care to drop his little white pebbles occasionally as they went, and he had no doubt that, by their assistance, he should find his way back. The three elder children, who

knew nothing of what their parents intended, soon feeling themselves rested, began to gather nosegays of the numberless wild flowers which grew round them in great luxuriance. In doing this, they strayed to a considerable distance from the count and countess, who, as soon as the children were out of sight, immediately returned home, though not without many deep sighs by the way, from the mother. When the children found themselves alone, and had sought in vain for their parents, they began to cry bitterly. The litttle Minet suffered them to cry for some time, knowing well he had it in his power to return home when he chose. At length he said to them, "Be not afraid, for I can take you home if you will only follow me." They followed as he directed them, and, towards evening, arrived safe at their own door; but as they were afraid to enter, they stood some time to listen what was going forwards within.

It happened that the count and countess, on their arrival at home, met the servant of a neighbouring farmer, who, having once received some favours from the count in his prosperity, now thought to acknowledge them, and had therefore sent him a present of a cheese and some cakes, together with a basket of dried fruits. This supply was highly acceptable, and *they sat down to* make a meal of part of it; but

the grief of the countess would not suffer her to eat, though she had not tasted food that day.—"Alas," said she, "if my children were now here, how happy should I be to feed them. Heaven has sent us provision enough for two or three days; let us then return to the forest and bring them back."—"It is in vain," said the count, "they have by this time wandered too far for us to find them, or they are perhaps devoured by the wolves."—"No, no, no," said the oldest of the children, at the outside of the door, "we are here, and want you to let us in." The door was immediately opened, the countess was delighted to embrace her children again, and the count either really was, or feigned to be, pleased with their return. They sat down together, and made a better meal than any of the family had done for some time.

It might be supposed that, after this instance of care and kindness from Minet to his sister and brothers, they would have treated him with more gentleness and affection; but they did not seem to abate any thing of their former cruelty. Their short supply of provisions was at length exhausted, and the count once more determined to take his children out for the purpose of losing them. Minet, however, overheard the proposal, and determined to provide accordingly. He got up, therefore, before it was quite day, to collect

once more a supply of pebbles; but great indeed were his grief and distress, when he found the doors so locked and bolted that he could not get out, and knew not what to do, till recollecting that they should each have a piece of bread before they set out, he resolved to save his portion, and to scatter it in crumbs by the way, instead of pebbles. The father and mother then took them into a farther and more intricate part of the forest, and then getting by degrees behind them, they suddenly turned into a different path, and left them entirely. The three elder children when they discovered this, were greatly afflicted, and began to cry; but Minet, who had taken care to scatter his bread as they went, seemed not at all disturbed, trusting that he should be able to find his way home as well as before. His brothers, observing his confidence, and supposing from that, that he had some means of assisting them, began to caress him very much, and to call him "dear brother," with many other kind expressions: his sister too, called him dear little Minet, and begged that he would help them. He could not resist their entreaties, and accordingly he set out with them to return home; but no one can conceive the grief of all the party, when they could not find a single crumb of bread any where, to guide *their steps*; for the birds, who seldom got such

a treat, had eaten them all. Thus, then, they were left to wander without a guide, and without food. The night came on, and a terrible wind arose, that filled their little hearts with fear and trembling; they thought, too, they heard the howlings of wild beasts, and this would have seemed sufficient to complete their distress; but they had yet more to suffer: for the rain began to fall in heavy showers, that soon wet their cloaths through, and the ground became so slippery, that they fell almost at every step, till their hands, faces, and garments where wholly covered with dirt.

In the midst of these difficulties, great as they were, the good sense of little Minet did not forsake him: he climbed up to the top of a high tree to see if he could discover any sort of habitation; when, having looked around for some time, he perceived a light, tho' at a great distance. He descended, full of the joyful tidings; but, to his great affliction, when down, he could see nothing of it. However, he encouraged his brothers and sister, and, proceeding with them in the direction from which the light had seemed to come, he perceived it again, just as they arrived at the extremity of the wood. After encountering many more difficulties, they at length reached the door of the house; yet it was a long time before any one of them had

of night! The children are in your power; and will you not have time enough to-morrow? "Hold your tongue," replied the sanguinary monster; "they will be thin to-morrow." "But," answered the wife, "you have provisions in plenty: here are a calf, two sheep, and half a pig." "Right," said the giant, "so give them a good supper, that they may grow fat, and then put them to bed." The good woman was delighted with the command, and gave to each a large allowance; but fear prevented them from eating. The giant, in the mean time, sat down to his wine, and, pleased with the thought of giving so delicate a treat to his friends, he drank till the wine got into his head.

The giant had four children, that were yet young, and were of a fair and pleasing complexion, though they devoured human flesh like their father; but they had little round grey eyes, flat noses, and long sharp teeth, set wide from each other. They promised already what they would some day grow to be; for, at this early age, they would bite little children on purpose to suck their blood. These children were all put to bed at an early hour, in a large bed, having each a night-cap of tiger's skin on its head: the four children who had taken refuge in the house, were placed in another bed of the same

size, by the good woman, who then went to lie down by the side of her cruel husband.

Minet, who observed that the giant's children had caps on their heads, and thought that perhaps he might awake, and repent not having eaten his prey before he went to rest, got up in the middle of the night, and taking his bonnet, and those of his brothers and sister, he exchanged them dextrously for the tiger caps of the young giants. The case turned out exactly as little Minet expected: the giant awoke in the night, and thought how foolishly he had acted, in deferring, till the morrow, an excellent repast, that he might have made the evening before. He sprang out of bed, and, taking his great sabre, "Come," said he to himself, "let us see how it fares with our little visitors: we will not make two meals of them."

With these intentions he crept softly into the chamber where the children lay, and, approaching the bed in which were those of the count, he felt at their heads, one by one, of which they were not sensible, except Minet, who lay awake and trembling for fear of a discovery.—The giant, feeling the well-known caps on the heads of all four, "Truly," said he, "I must have drunk too much last night; thus to mistake one bed for the other." He went then im-

mediately to the bed where his own children were asleep, and, feeling on their heads the bonnets of the count's children, he cut their throats in a moment, and without remorse. Pleased with what he had done, he returned to his wife's bed, and fell fast asleep; but as soon as Minet heard him snore, he awoke his brothers and sister, telling them to dress themselves quickly and follow him. They descended quietly into the garden, and, having climbed over the wall, they ran or walked all the night, trembling with apprehension, and knowing nothing of the road they had taken.

The giant, as soon as he opened his eyes, in the morning, said to his wife, "Go and dress our little guests of last night;" which order pleased her so much, that she hastened to comply with it; little thinking what kind of dressing he meant. Great indeed therefore was the good woman's surprise and grief when, on entering the chamber, she found her own children dead, and covered with their blood. She was near falling to the ground, as senseless as the mistaken victims of her husband's brutal appetite.

The giant, at last, thinking his wife long in executing the task to which he had commanded her, hastened up stairs to assist her, and saw,

in a moment, the shocking sight. "Ah! what have I done?" he roared out. "Dearly shall they pay for their cunning, and that too in a few minutes." Then throwing a bason of water in his wife's face, which soon recovered her, he said, "Give me my seven league boots, that I may overtake them."

Thus equipped, he set out and traversed the country, in different directions, for a long time, without success, till at last, by chance, he took the road in which the poor children were eagerly travelling, and had arrived within half a mile of their home: they saw the giant advancing, with great strides, from hill to hill, and crossing the largest rivers, as if they were little brooks. Minet, who was the leader and captain of the little band, saw a hollow rock near him, and, having made his sister and brothers conceal themselves in it, he crept in likewise; but kept frequently peeping out, to see what became of their terrible pursuer. The giant, tired with the exertions he had made, for the use of the seven league boots was very fatiguing, wished to rest himself a while, and, by accident, laid down on the very rock in which the children were concealed. Fatigue begets the want of repose, and in a few minutes he fell fast asleep, snoring so loud that the count's unfor-

tunate offspring were little less afraid than when he held his knife to their throats the night before. Minet, having more presence of mind than the rest, told them to make haste home while their enemy was unable to follow them. Having thus kindly provided for the immediate safety of his brothers and sister, he approached the giant with great caution, and pulled off his wonderful boots, which he put on without delay. The boots, it is true, were very tall, and very wide; but, as they were formed by a fairy, they had the property of adapting themselves to the legs of any one who wore them. Minet then set out, with all the speed his boots could give, for the giant's house, where he found the good mother weeping for her slaughtered children. "Your husband," said he, addressing her, "is in great peril; he has been taken, while asleep, by a band of robbers, who have vowed to kill him, unless he give them all his gold and silver. In this moment of distress, with the weapons of the robbers at his throat, perceiving me, he prayed me to acquaint you with his danger, and to desire that you would send him all his money and valuables, without reserve, or his life would become the forfeit. As the case does not admit of delay, he has given me his seven-league boots, that I might not be long on the way, and that

you might be convinced I do not wish to deceive you." The good woman, who knew it was her duty to preserve her husband, notwithstanding his faults, gave Minet all the wealth in the house, which loaded him heavily; yet he departed, highly pleased with the burthen.

This deceit is certainly not justifiable on any ground; because every word that Minet spoke to the giant's wife was untrue; but his anxiety to relieve the distresses of his parents, made him forget that we should never do wrong with a view to promote the good of any one. He proceeded instantly to the house of the count, and found the whole family lamenting his absence; for though the count had now no further means of supporting his children than he had some days before, yet he was so moved with the account which he had just received of the truly fraternal care with which this extraordinary child had preserved his brothers and sister, who now heartily repented the manner in which they had formerly treated him, that he had determined thenceforwards to trust in Providence, and never again think to separate his children from him. In these circumstances, it is not easy to imagine the joy that filled every heart, when Minet, entering their apartment, poured out, before their astonished eyes, the treasures

with which he was loaded. The count immediately repurchased the lands and castles that he had before sold, and, instructed by his late sufferings, spent, afterwards, his time and his wealth in improving the minds of his children or in acts of benevolence to the surrounding poor. Minet sold his boots, for a very large sum of money, to the king, who was thereby enabled, in time of war, to convey his commands and instructions to his armies in an instant, and thus became one of the most powerful monarchs in that part of the world.

THE little Reginald finished thus the story of Minet, and received the commendations and caresses of his delighted mother. "It rejoices my heart, O! benevolent fairy," said the baroness, "thus to find that your first lesson inculcates the duty of brothers and sisters to love each other; and that a want of tenderness or affection in one part of a family, will be no just defence for the want of them in the rest."

"But what has the gentle Elenor to say?" asked the fairy Benina; "can she find any thing with which to amuse her kind and indulgent mother?" The lovely child looked up, in doubt how to act, and, perceiving a sweet smile in the face of her watchful guardian, she drew the baroness, by her robe, towards the next compartment of the saloon, the curtain of which rose as they approached, and discovered the picture of a young woman, sitting on a large stone in the midst of turkies and other poultry. A sofa, as before, appeared ready for the party, and the baroness being seated, took her daughter on her knee, who thus, in infantine simplicity, related the story of *The Little White Mouse*.

THE LITTLE WHITE MOUSE.

THIRD TALE.

ANCIENT history furnishes an example of a king and queen so tenderly attached to each other, that nothing was wanting to make their felicity complete. Their wishes and their sentiments corresponded exactly on all subjects: they went frequently to hunt, killing various kinds of game, and the stag often became the object of their amusement, or the victim of their exertions: they visited the rivers for the diversion of fishing; and, in short, whatever gratified the one, became a source of real delight to the other. Their subjects followed so amiable an *example*, and thus the happiness of all the na-

tion consisted in mutual exertions to make others happy.

The king of an adjoining state, whose manners and dispositions were directly contrary, conceived a deadly hatred against the king of the *Land of Pleasure*, for so the nation was called, on account of the tranquillity and joy that constantly prevailed there. He was a declared enemy to pleasure; he sought for nothing but wounds and bruises; his air was stern and forbidding; with a long beard and hollow eyes. He was lean and withered; always dressed in black; his bristly locks were dirty and uncombed; there was no way so secure to obtain his favour, as by committing the most atrocious murders or assassinations: he took upon himself the office of public executioner, because he delighted in the pangs of those who suffered.—This kingdom was therefore called the *Land of Tears*.

This wicked wretch, unworthy to possess a throne, raised an immense army, and determined with it to spread through the territory of this happy neighbour that desolation which was his greatest delight.

When all was ready he began his march, but the news of his intention reached the king of the Land of Pleasure long before the invading army, who put every thing in the best possi-

ble state of defence, and waited the attack with firmness and resolution. But the timid disposition of the queen suggested a thousand fears: "Sir," said she, "let us fly; let us take the wealth we possess, and seek that safety in another quarter of the world which we cannot now find here." "It is my duty, madam," said the king, "to remain and protect my subjects. I am determined, therefore, to share their fate." He then assembled his forces, took a tender leave of the queen, and marched out to meet the enemy.

As soon as he had departed, the queen gave way to the excess of her sorrow, and, clasping her hands together, "Alas!" exclaimed she, "if the king, my husband, should fall in battle, I shall be left a widow, in the power of a cruel monster, and the child I now bear will be born a slave." This idea redoubled her affliction: the king wrote to her every day; but one morning, when she was watching for the usual messenger, she saw him coming at full speed, with fear pictured in his countenance. He dismounted immediately, and, entering her presence, "Oh! madam," said he, "all is lost: the king is slain, the army defeated, and the ferocious conqueror almost at our gates."

The poor queen fell senseless; her attendants carried her to bed, and all her women stood

weeping round her; they tore their hair in the bitterness of their affliction, and no scene in the world could have been more affecting. But their sobs, their lamentations, were soon drowned by the cries that every where spread through the palace, of the cruel manner inwhich the victorious army was desolating the city. The wicked king, at the head of his savage troops, was incessantly employed in exciting them to acts of cruelty and plunder; and, thus directed, they slew, without discrimination, every person they met. He entered the palace, and penetrated, without ceremony, into the most retired apartments, where he found the queen overwhelmed with sorrow and despair. He beheld her distresses unmoved, and, by his ferocious manner and brutal threats, added terror to the pangs she felt before. Thus, too much intimidated to answer a word, this monster of a king supposed her silence to proceed from sullenness and ill humour: he seized her rudely by the hair, which the negligence of grief had suffered to fall upon her shoulders, and then dragging her from the bed on which she lay, he threw her across his shoulders, and carried her away without remorse: he then mounted with her on his steed, and rode off. She besought him with tears and supplications to have pity on her sufferings; but he mocked her cries, and said to her, "Weep

on; your complaints are a source of pleasure and diversion to me."

He carried her towards his own capital, and, during the time that he was on the road, he took the most dreadful oaths that he would hang her as soon as he reached it; but he was soon informed, on his arrival, that the queen was pregnant.

When the wicked king knew this, a thought struck him, that if she was delivered of a daughter he could marry her to his son, and that he might know whether or not it was a daughter that she would have, he sent for a fairy who lived on the frontiers of his dominions. When she arrived, he entertained her with much more hospitality than he used to his most intimate friends: he then led her into a tower, in the highest room of which the poor queen was confined. Nothing could equal the misery of the queen; and the unpleasantness of her apartment. The broken casements admitted both the wind and the rain, the flooring was broken in several places, and the damps that ran down the walls were dangerous, especially to a person of as weak a constitution as the queen's: the bed was composed of nothing but an old mattrass, worse than is found in the habitations of the poorest class of people. In this miserable condition, the *queen* passed both day and night, weeping bit-

terly at the thoughts of her own situation, and for the death of the king her husband.

The fairy's heart was touched with pity at so deplorable a sight; she embraced the queen, and, at the same time, she whispered in her ear the following words: "Take courage, madam, your misfortunes will soon be at an end: I hope shortly to contribute to your happiness." The queen was a little consoled by these words, and earnestly entreated her to have pity on a poor unhappy princess, who had once enjoyed the greatest favours of fortune; instead of which she could now boast of nothing but suffering the greatest misery.

They were thus talking together when the wicked king, growing impatient, "Come, come," said he, "let us not have so many compliments; I brought you here to inform me whether the queen will have a daughter or a son?" "She is pregnant of a daughter," replied the fairy, "who will be the most beautiful and most accomplished princess that has ever been seen, and the queen will wish to see her placed in the highest possible situation of rank and honour." "If she be not very beautiful and accomplished," said the king, "I will hang her mother to a tree, with the child at her neck, and nothing shall prevent it." Having said this, he left the place with the fairy, and took no notice of the unfor-

tunate queen, who wept bitterly, thus lamenting her unhappy fate. "Alas! what shall I do? If I have a beautiful little girl, he will give her to his reptile of a son, and if she is ugly, he will hang us both. To what an extremity am I reduced! Cannot I conceal it from him somewhere, so that he can never see it?"

The time approached when the little princess was to come into the world, and the distress of the queen augmented daily: the gaoler who guarded her gave her nothing but three boiled peas and a small bit of black bread for her food during the day; by which she was reduced so thin as to be little else than skin and bone.

One evening, while she was employed in spinning, (for the wicked king was so avaricious, as to make even his prisoners labour for him) she saw entering, at a small hole, a pretty little mouse, as white as snow. "Ah pretty creature," exclaimed the queen, "what do you come here to seek? I have but three peas to last me all day: begone if you wish not to fast."—The little mouse ran about here and there, and danced and skipped like a little monkey: the queen was so pleased with it, that she gave it the only pea that remained for her supper. "Here," said she, "here, poor little thing, eat this; I have got no more; but I give it thee willingly." *The instant* she had done this, to her great sur-

prise there appeared upon the table two partridges, cooked most wonderfully well, and two pots of preserves. "Really," exclaimed she, "a good turn is never lost." She ate a little; but with fasting so long, her appetite was almost gone. She threw some sweatmeats to the mouse, who, having nibbled them away, began to leap about with more glee than before.

The next morning very early the gaoler brought the queen three peas, which he had put as usual in a large dish, to mock her sufferings; the little white mouse came softly and eat them all three, as well as the bread. When the queen wished to dine, she found nothing there, at which she was very angry with the mouse. "What a wicked little beast," cried the queen, "if he continues thus, I shall die with hunger." As she was going to cover the plate which the mouse had left empty, she found it full of all sorts of things good to eat: she was very glad, and eat of them; but while she was eating, a thought came into her head that, in a few days, the king would perhaps kill her child, and she quitted the table to weep. "Ah!" ejaculated the disconsolate queen, "is there no way of saving it?" At the same time that she pronounced these words, she perceived the mouse playing with some long straws: she took some of them, and began to work: "If I have enough

of straw," said she, "I will make a covered basket to put my little daughter in, and I will give it out of the window to the first charitable person, who will take care of it."

She then began to work very diligently: she never wanted straw; for the mouse always brought some into the chamber, and as, at usual meal-time, the queen always gave her the three peas, she found in exchange a number of dishes of the most delicate meats.

One day the queen was looking out of the window, to see how long she should make the cord to tie the basket to, when she should let it down, and she perceived an old woman below, leaning upon a stick, who spoke to her thus:— "I know your trouble, madam, and if you wish it I will serve you." "Alas! my dear friend," replied the queen, "you will very much oblige me if you will come every evening to the bottom of the tower, to receive my child, whom I will let down to you: you must feed and nurse it, and if ever I am rich I will repay you well." "I wish for no pecuniary reward," answered the old woman, "but I am very nice in my eating, and wish for nothing so much as a fat and plump mouse. If you find such a one in your prison, kill it and throw it to me: your infant will be the better for it."

When the queen heard this, she began to weep

without answering, and the old woman, after having waited a little, asked her why she cried? "It is," replied the queen, "that there only comes into my chamber one little mouse, so pretty and so engaging, that I cannot find in my heart to kill it." "How," replied the old woman, with great anger, "do you like a little rogue of a mouse, who steals and eats every thing, better than your own child? Very well, madam, you are not much to be pitied: remain in the good company you have chosen; I can have plenty of mice without you; so I care but little about it," and scolding in this manner, she hobbled away.

Although the queen had a good repast, and the mouse played about before her as usual, she never raised her eyes from the ground where she had fixed them, and tears ran down her cheeks.

On this same night the little princess made her entrance into the world: her beauty surpassed any thing that the queen had ever beheld: instead of crying at her birth, as other children do, she smiled at her affectionate parent, and extended her little hands, as if she had already a good understanding. The queen caressed and kissed her fondly, at the same time sorrowfully reflecting, "Alas! my dear child, if you fall into the hands of the wicked king, it will cost you your life:" she shut it up in the basket,

with a paper attached to the clothes, on which was written,

O! you whose steps the fav'ring pow'rs direct
To these lone scenes, your gen'rous aid I claim;
My hapless child, in infant years, protect
From sorrow's grasp—and Juliet be her name;

and having turned away for a moment, she looked again, and found the infant dressed in the finest linens and laces: she then kissed it, and shed a torrent of tears, not knowing how to part with her treasure.

At this moment in came the little mouse, and jumped into the basket. "Ah! little creature," said the queen, "how much it costs me to save your life! I shall perhaps lose my dear Juliet. Any other than me would have killed you, and given you to the dainty old woman; but I could not consent to it." "You will not repent it madam," replied the mouse; I am not so unworthy of your friendship as you suppose." The queen was like one thunderstruck when she heard the mouse speak; but her surprise augmented when she perceived its little visage change to that of a woman, and the paws become hands and feet. At length the queen, hardly daring to look up, discovered the figure to be the fairy that had visited her before, and who had promised to put an end to her misfortunes and her sufferings. "I wished to try the

goodness of your heart," said the fairy, "I know now that you are virtuous and worthy of my friendship. Fairies like me, who possess treasures and riches more than I can relate, do not seek so much for the luxuries of life, as for friendship, and we seldom find it." "Is it possible, great fairy," exclaimed the queen, "that you who are so powerful and wealthy, find it such a great trouble to gain a friend." "Yes," replied she, "because persons seldom love us but for interest, but when you loved me as a little mouse, and it seemed from a disinterested motive, I wished to put you to a still greater trial: I took the figure of an old woman, and it was me who spoke to you at the bottom of the tower: you have always answered my best expectation." At these words she embraced the queen, then she kissed the little vermillion mouth of the infant princess, and said, "My pretty little girl, you shall henceforward be your mother's consolation; you shall be richer than your father; you shall live for an hundred years without illness, wrinkles, or old age." The enraptured queen returned thanks, and begged that the fairy would take Juliet away, and be careful of her, adding, at the same time, "I give her to be your daughter."

The fairy accepted the offer, and thanked her: she put the little one in the basket, which she

let down to the bottom of the tower, and having waited a little to again take the form of a mouse, she descended by the cord; but when she got down, she could not find the child any where, and remounting in a great fright, "All is lost," cried she, to the queen, "my enemy Cancaline has just carried away the princess. You must know that she is a cruel fairy, who hates me, and, unhappily, she is older than I am, by which she has more power. I know not by what means to get the child out of her wicked hands.

When the queen heard this melancholy account, she almost died with grief: she wept bitterly, and beseeched her good friend to save her child, at whatever price it might be done.

When the gaoler entered the chamber of the queen, and he perceived that she had been delivered, he went to inform the king of it, who came in a great passion to ask for the child; but she told him that a fairy, whose name she knew not, had entered her prison, and carried it away by force. At this the wicked king stamped and bit his lips, with every expression of the most violent rage. "I promised to hang thee," said he, to the unfortunate queen, "and now I will keep my word. He then dragged her by the hair from the place of her confinement to a neighbouring wood, mounted a high tree, and was going to hang the queen, when

the fairy, having rendered herself invisible, pushed him rudely down, and by the fall struck out four of his teeth. Before he had time to recover himself, she had carried away his intended victim, to a secure retreat in her magnificent palace. She was there treated with every attention and kindness, and if it had not been for the thoughts of her little daughter, she could once more have been happy; but she was unable to procure any intelligence of the infant, though the little white mouse made every exertion in her power for that purpose.

At length, by the progress of time, the queen's grief abated, and fifteen years passed away without any change in her situation.—. At this period there was great talk all over the kingdom, that the son of the wicked monarch had fallen in love with the keeper of his poultry, and that the young woman refused to accept him for her husband. This extraordinary refusal surprised every one: however, the nuptial dresses were prepared, and the marriage ceremony was expected soon to take place. The little white mouse determined to see this extraordinary damsel, who had resolution enough to refuse the son of a king, and immediately transported herself to the capital. She entered the poultry yard, and found her there, dressed in a coarse woollen gown, with her feet bare, and a

cap of goat skin on her head; lying by her side were magnificent dresses, embroidered with gold and silver, and ornamented with a number of precious stones; the turkies and other fowls that surrounded her, trampled on and spoiled them.

Thus habited, and thus careless of the splendour that awaited her, the keeper of the poultry sat on a large stone in the middle of the yard, when the king's son arrived: he was crooked and hump backed, and marked with every kind of deformity. "If you persist in refusing me," said he, "I will order you to be put to death instantly." She answered him with disdain, "I will never marry you; you are too ugly and too wicked. I prefer poverty with my turkies and pullets, to all the honours you have power to bestow."

The little white mouse observed her with wonder and admiration; for though in so humble a dress, she appeared to possess an incomparable beauty. As soon therefore as the prince retired, the fairy assumed the figure of an old shepherdess. "Good day, fair damsel," said she; "the fowls do credit to your care of them."—The young woman raised her eyes, and looked at her with a countenance full of sweetness:—"they wish," answered she, "to persuade me *to quit* my present employment for a crown

which I do not want, and for a husband whom I should despise: pray good mother what is your advice?" "My child," returned the fairy, a crown is a dazzling object; but you cannot imagine the care and trouble it is to those who wear it." "But suppose I do know all this, quickly answered the keeper of the king's poultry; "still I would refuse to accept it, because I am without friend or relation, and know not even the name of those who gave me birth." "You have both beauty and virtue, my child," returned the wise and benevolent fairy, "which are worth more than a thousand kingdoms: tell me then who placed you here, since you are without parents and without friends." "A fairy named Cancaline is the cause that I have been placed here," replied the young woman: "she beat, she almost killed me, without the least provocation. Tired of my sufferings, one day I ran away from her, and, not knowing where to go, I stopped to rest myself in a wood, where the son of the wicked king came by chance to walk: he asked if I would enter into his service: I consented, and was placed to take care of his poultry: he came constantly to see them, and always took great notice of me. Alas! he soon conceived a most violent love for me, and has ever since

so teazed me with expressions of it, that I have no comfort left in the world."

This recital made the fairy suspect she had at last met with the princess Juliet, and she therefore asked to know her name. "I am called Juliet," added she, modestly; "but who gave me that name I never knew." The doubts of the fairy were thus instantly removed: she threw herself on the neck of the princess, exclaiming, "Juliet, I have known you long; I am delighted to find you so sensible and so lovely; but I wish you was better dressed: take the clothes that are before you, and put them on. The princess obeyed immediately, and, taking from her head the cap of goat skin, her beautiful golden hair fell in curls on her back and shoulders; then taking some water from a fountain that ran through the yard, she washed her hands and face, and discovered a complexion more bright and transparent than the choicest pearls of India: roses seemed to bloom fresh on her cheeks; coral seemed to form her beautiful mouth; and her eyes shone like the most brilliant diamonds. When she had finished dressing herself, the gracefulness of her form appeared equal to the beauty of her countenance, and the fairy gazed on her with wonder and delight.

"Who do you suppose yourself to be, now, my dear child?" said the fairy. "Really," answered she, "I could fancy myself to be the daughter of some great king." "Should you be glad of it," demanded the fairy. "Yes, certainly, my good mother;" replied the princess, "for it would give me the power of assisting many that are in distress." "Be happy then," exclaimed the fairy, "for you are born of royal parents: to-morrow you shall know more."

The fairy then returned immediately to her palace, where she had left the queen. "I bring you, madam," cried she, "the happiest tidings." "Alas!" answered the queen, "what tidings of joy can come to me, who have lost both my husband and my child?" "It is always right to hope," replied the little white mouse, for the fairy had again taken that figure; "I have seen the princess your daughter, and she is more beautiful than the blushes of the dawning day." She then related the whole of her discovery, at which the queen wept with joy, "Who would have thought," said she, "in the days of my prosperity, that I should ever bear a daughter to become the keeper of hens and turkies!" "It is the cruel Cancaline," said the fairy, "who, knowing how I love you, has brought this misery on your child,

purposely to vex me; but she shall come gloriously out of it, or I will burn my books." "I am determined," said the queen, "that she shall not marry the prince; pray go and seek her immediately, and bring her to me."

The son of the wicked king left Juliet in a great rage at her obstinate refusal, and went into the gardens of the palace to consider what he should do: here he cried and groaned so loud, that his father overheard him, and, leaning through the window, enquired the cause of his distress. "How can I be otherwise than afflicted," answered he, "to be thus set at defiance by a keeper of poultry?" "What, will not she love you?" said the king, "I am determined she shall love you, or be put to death." He then called his guards. "Go," said he, "and bring her here immediately; I will punish her so severely, that she shall soon repent of her obstinacy.

They went to the poultry yard and found Juliet there, magnificently dressed, as the fairy left her: they had never seen so lovely a figure, and taking her for some great princess, they were afraid to speak to her. She said to them, in a sweet and condescending voice, "Pray whom do you seek here?" "Madam," said they, "we seek an unfortunate creature, named

Juliet." "I am the person you seek," replied she; "what do you want?" Hearing this, they seized her, and, having tied her hands and feet with cords, lest she should escape, they carried her into the presence of the king. "Well, insolent wretch," said he, "and so you are determined not to love my son? He is a thousand times handsomer than you: love him therefore immediately, or I'll have you flayed alive." The princess, trembling like an affrighted dove, kneeled before him, and tried to inspire pity in a heart that had never felt any; but she pleaded in vain, as the prince insisted upon it that his father should order her for immediate execution. However, they determined at last, as a punishment more severe than death, to shut her up for life in a tower, where she would never more see the light of the sun.

At this moment the fairy and the good queen arrived in a flying chariot, and the affectionate mother began to weep bitterly on hearing the sad fate to which her long lost daughter was just condemned. "Be of good comfort," said the fairy, "you shall in the end be made happy, and your enemies be amply punished." The princess was conveyed to her tower, and the king retired to bed: the fairy then resumed the form of the little white mouse, and got upon his

pillow. Whenever he attempted to sleep she bit his ear; at which, being much disturbed, he turned the other side, and she bit at that also, without mercy; he cried out for assistance, and when his attendants came, they found both his ears bleeding so fast, that they were unable to stop the wounds. While they were seeking about the apartment to find the mouse, she was gone into the prince's room to inflict the same vengeance upon him: he likewise called his attendants, and having shewn his wounded ears, made them put a plaister on each. The little white mouse, in the mean time, returned to the king: she bit his nose and gnawed his face in several places: he put up his hands to defend his face, and she bit his fingers: he cried out, "Mercy! mercy! I am lost;" and, while his mouth was thus open, the little white mouse entered it, and bit off a piece of his tongue: his attendants came in once more, but he was now unable to speak to them, his tongue was so severely wounded; so he made signs that it was a mouse that had thus wounded him, and every corner of the room was immediately examined to find the offender, but in vain, she was gone to pay a visit to the prince, and to treat him much worse than she had treated his father.—She eat out one of his eyes, which left him in

total darkness; for he was blind with the other before. He leaped out of bed instantly, seized his sword, and ran to the apartment of his father, who also had taken his sword, storming and swearing that he would kill every one that came in his way till the mouse was found.

When he saw his son in such a passion, he scolded him, and the prince, whose ears were burning with pain, not knowing the voice of his father, attacked him furiously: the king, exceedingly irritated, made a violent cut at him with his sword, and received a severe wound from his son at the same moment; so that they both fell to the ground bleeding profusely. All their subjects, who hated them mortally, and who only served and submitted to them through fear, now dreading them no longer, tied cords to their feet, and dragged them into the river, saying they were happy thus to get rid of their tyrants.

Thus ended the days of the wicked king and his son. The good fairy who had seen all that passed, went immediately to seek the queen, and they went together to the black tower, where the princess Juliet was confined under more than forty locks. The fairy struck three times with a little ring on the great door, which opened instantly, as did all the rest: they found the poor princess very thoughtful, and with scarcely

spirits to speak a word. The queen ran to embrace her: "My dear child, I am thy mother, the queen of the Land of Pleasure," exclaimed she, and then gave her an account of her birth. When Juliet heard these happy tidings, she was as near dying with joy, as she had been before near dying with grief: she threw herself at the feet of the queen, embraced her knees, and wet her hands with the tears that she shed upon them. She likewise caressed the good fairy, who had conferred so many obligations on them both. The fairy said to them, "It is not time now to think of amusing ourselves; let us go to the great hall of the castle and harangue the people."

She walked the first with a grave and majestic air, and dressed in splendid robes; next came the queen in robes suitable to her rank: the princess followed, decorated in a splendid habit, which the fairy had brought her for the occasion; but distinguished much more by her native modesty and the lustre of her beauty, which had never before been equalled. They moved gracefully to every one they met by the way, whether rich or poor, and by this condescension attracted the notice of every one. When the great hall was full, the good fairy said to the subjects of the deceased tyrant, that she would recommend them to chuse for their sovereign *the daughter* of a neighbouring king, whom she

then presented to them. "Under so amiable a queen," said she, "you cannot fail to live in a state of continual happiness and tranquillity." At these words the people cried out with one voice, "Yes! yes! we chuse her for our queen, and we trust she will make us amends for the miseries we have so long endured." As soon as the intelligence was generally known, joy spread throughout the city, and every sort of business was laid aside, to give place for feasting and merriment. Thus the efforts of the little white mouse were sufficient to reward suffering innocence, and to punish the cruelties of an implacable tyrant.

It would be exremely difficult for any one, who has not been in similar circumstances, to conceive the feelings of joy and exultation that filled the bosom of the Baroness de Granville, on receiving such delightful proofs of early acquirement and intelligence in the dear children, whom she had so long lamented as lost; but it would be much more difficult to describe them: she pressed her son and daughter to her breast as she sat reclined on the sofa, and knew not how to relax the fond embrace. The saloon was gradually filled with the odour of the most delicious perfumes that steal a soft forgetful-

ness over the senses; while strains of slow, sweet music, sometimes swelling into full tones, and sometimes dying away like the gentle whispers of a summer breeze, completed the charm, and lulled the baroness to a delightful sleep.

The Baroness de Granville was waked from this state of repose by the triumphant sound of trumpets, horns, and other military instruments, and looking round, perceived, with inexpressible surprise, that she was again in her own apartment of Granville Castle. Her faithful domestic attended, and expressed the most lively joy on seeing her lady again, whom she had not found at the usual time of attending to dress her; but the increased sound of voices, arms, and shouts without the castle, left no time for congratulations or remarks. The baroness flew to the window of her apartment, and knew in a moment the banners of her lord waving amidst the banners of his vassals and retainers. With a heart beating quick to the thrilling impulse of joy, she descended rapidly to the great hall, and there had once more the happiness to be tenderly enfolded in the affectionate embrace of the baron her husband, who now returned to enjoy, in the retirement of rural scenes, the reward of honourable services to his *king and* protector.

The pleasure of such a re-union, after so long an absence, cannot be described: the tender heart of the baroness, where every virtue and every feeling of gentle sympathy found place, was too full for utterance; and the manly, glowing breast of the Baron de Granville felt almost too large to contain the amount of his felicity. Those of the household who were permitted to witness this scene of delicate sentiment and conjugal affection, testified the share they took in it by tears of silent emotion. The baron first found words, and repeating, once again, the tender pressure of his embrace, "Receive," said he, "my beloved Matilda, receive your Reginald to the asylum of your arms. He comes, not less worthy than when he left you, of these dear caresses; he comes loaded with new honours, which he values only as they may serve to confer merited distinction on you."—The baroness returned these expressions with the most delicate demonstrations of affection and gratitude, and then, withdrawing with her lord to an apartment of greater privacy, she related to him, in eager and incoherent sentences, the blissful discovery of their children, and the interview with them in which she had been indulged.

A tranquil joy now filled the bosoms of the amiable pair, and the hours passed away in mu-

tual communications and endearments, till the declining day and the entrance of one of the domestics, announced the evening repast.—They descended immediately, and a short time sufficed to recruit nature with sufficient food. The baron, however, had a mental treat yet to enjoy, for which his taste, highly cultivated according the literature of those days, gave him a great relish. The old minstrel, whom the baroness had directed to remain in the castle, made his appearance as soon as the meats were removed, and having tuned his harp, sang some verses of congratulation on the happy return of the Lord of Granville castle, which he accompanied with a sweet air: he received many expressions of approval, and, seeming to wait for directions to renew the strain, his fair patroness, who knew well her lord's taste, requested him to recite for them some ballad, like that which had been the cause of introducing him to the castle. With prompt obedience the silver-headed bard began

SIR ALBERT.

At Britain's court, in Arthur's days,
For knights of prowess fam'd,
Of worth, in Elda's eyes, the praise
'Bove all Sir Albert claim'd:
At many a joust the prize she gave,
And made the victor's heart her slave.

The fragrant rose of Sharon's bow'rs,
The lily of the dale,
Refresh'd by morning's dewy show'rs,
Ere burning suns prevail,
Could boast no tint, no charm, no grace,
Like Elda's form, like Elda's face.

Her mind as chrystal streams was pure
That no rude winds deform;
But worth nor beauty can secure
From sad affliction's storm;
And though the knight her love repaid,
A powerful hand their hopes betray'd.

Arganta, skill'd in magic charms,
Malignant, crooked, old,
Long woo'd Sir Albert to her arms,
And rag'd to find him cold;
Till, by her art, the cause she learn'd,
And on the maid her vengeance turn'd.

Ah! where, sir knight, is now thy fair,
Ah! where does Elda pine;
By dæmons carried through the air,
To thwart her love and thine?
Haste, mount and seek thy destin'd bride,
O'er many a hill and valley wide.

His breast by bitter anguish torn,
Sir Albert took his steed,
And onward pass'd, like lightning borne,
O'er mountain, vale, and mead.
He knew that in a darksome wood
Arganta's steel-clad palace stood.

At length, as dawn'd the second day,
The steed relax'd his pace,
And a deep stream that cross'd the way
Left now no road to trace.
For rocks, that fenc'd the other side,
And towering trees, all course denied.

While lost in wonder stood the knight,
To view this fatal check,
A snake, with scales of silver bright,
Fell on his courser's neck,
And, swift descending from the skies,
An eagle pounc'd to seize the prize.

True knights the weak from wrong should guard;
This well Sir Albert knew,
And quickly, with his keen-edg'd sword,
The feather'd tyrant slew;
When, thus from fear reliev'd, the snake
Sprang to a verdant bank and spake :

" Sir knight, a fairy's power I hold,
" And this your gen'rous aid,
" That sav'd my life, an hundred fold
" Shall shortly be repaid.
" Thro' streams and woods now force your way,
" For Elda chides your long delay."

Th' enamour'd knight the voice obey'd,
And plunging through the deep,
Still by his gen'rous steed convey'd,
Soon climb'd the rocky steep,
Where trees grew thick, his course to stay,
Till with his sword he cut the way.

But soon, as by his dauntless might
The darksome wood he clear'd,
Delicious scenes, in verdure bright,
Of groves and lawns appear'd:
While streams, from purest springs, were seen,
Meand'ring through the velvet green.

Soft from each shade the dulcet sound
Of warblers charm'd the ear;
And every flower blow'd wild around,
That decks the various year:
Sir Albert stopp'd, amaz'd, confounded,
Thus by enchanting scenes surrounded.

Perfumes, that scented ev'ry breeze,
Soon through his senses stole,
And, charm'd, he felt soft languor seize
Each impulse of his soul.
His steed he left, and listless laid
His limbs beneath a myrtle's shade.

A tree, enrich'd with golden fruit,
Hung pendant o'er his head;
And sudden blossoms seem'd to shoot
By some soft magic sped.
The knight beheld, with wishing eyes,
And tried a while to reach the prize;

But as he lay his arm's extent
He feebly stretch'd in vain;
The envied fruit, though lowly bent,
Was much too high to gain.
At length his sword he drew in haste,
And lopp'd the bough he wish'd to taste.

But wonder seiz'd the startled knight,
And horror-struck he stood,
When, from the wound, to chill his sight,
Distill'd fresh streams of blood.
Nor less affright his bosom stirr'd,
When from the tree a voice he heard.—

" Ah me! sir knight," it sighing said,
" Your ever-conqu'ring sword
" The throbbing vital stream has shed
" Of her you once ador'd:
" By arts transform'd, your Elda view,
" Who dies, well pleas'd to die for you."

The madning phrenzy of despair
Now burn'd Sir Albert's mind,
And now he tore his cloaths, his hair,
The wounded tree to bind;
Yet still fast flow'd the purple tide,
And fainter still the victim sigh'd.

The fatal weapon then he rais'd,
His own life's blood to take,
When, looking up, he saw, amaz'd,
His friend, the silver snake.
She twin'd around the bleeding wood,
And thus soon stay'd the flowing blood.

" Sir knight," she said, " in this sad hour
" Arganta's charms prevail,
" And I, now robb'd of half my power,
" Must not her deeds assail;
" But, if my grateful aid you prize,
" Attend, and act as I advise.

" The form of this much-injur'd fair,
" I'll keep from further harm;
" But still no pow'r on earth will dare
" Dissolve the potent charm:
" Nor can the arm your vent'rous sword
" Cut off, be to its place restor'd,
" Till by your valour you obtain
" A cord to bind it on again,
" Made from two locks, as white as snow,
" That on Arganta's forehead grow.

" Then boldly haste to yonder grove,
" Where many dangers wait;
" But think that she you boast to love
" From you expects her fate.
" Arganta now reposing lies,
" And if she 'scape your Elda dies."

Fir'd with this dawning hope, the knight
Across the valley flew;
But threat'ning clouds obscur'd the light,
As tow'rds the wood he drew;
Yet nought disturb'd his dauntless breast,
And onwards to the task he press'd.

Now sudden walls of burning fire
Rose up to stop his way,
Where horrid fiends and monsters dire,
Appear'd in grim array:

Fearless he march'd to scale the wall,
When fiends and monsters vanish'd all.

Then sudden through the lurid air
Thick darkness spread around,
Save where the lightning's sulph'rous glare
Ran frequent o'er the ground.
Yet, still undaunted, on he went,
Unalter'd in his fix'd intent.

But now the kind of peril chang'd;
The night was turn'd to day,
And trees and shrubs, in order rang'd,
Appear'd to point the way:
Then, having pass'd the wood's close shade,
He saw Arganta's bow'r display'd.

Of vines and myrtles interlac'd,
The fragrant arbour grew;
While woodbines gay, and jess'mines chaste,
Alternate met the view.
But see! within, on beds of roses,
A brilliant female form reposes.

Idalia's ripen'd charms she wears,
And those her robe conceals
Each fascinating grace declares,
Surpass what it reveals.
Soft slumber seals her radiant eyes,
And sunk in graceful ease she lies.

Lost with surprise, amaz'd, confus'd,
In wonder stood the knight,
And long had stood, but, as he mus'd,
His quick, enquiring sight
Observ'd upon her forehead grow
Two curling locks, as white as snow.

Then fierce he drew his polish'd blade,
And, at one vengeful stroke,
Cut off the head that sleeping laid,
Which thus the magic broke:
The headless form, in death now shrunk,
Appear'd Arganta's wither'd trunk.

The blooming Elda sudden stood
Close by Sir Albert's side,
Who, wild with rapture, once more view'd,
Restor'd, his destin'd bride.
The snake, from pennance now releas'd,
A fairy, thus the pair address'd.

" Hail! spotless maiden, well-belov'd
" By one of high renown;
" You both have by past trials prov'd
" That Fortune's darkest frown
" The good with firmness will endure:
" For Virtue's recompence is sure."

The Baron de Granville bestowed many commendations on the minstrel for his ballad, and 'etermined to retain him in his service. The ld man withdrew, gratified that he had been ble to afford any thing of entertainment worth the notice of so high a lord; and the worthy proprietors of the castle retired to take their wonted rest.

Long seemed each passing day to the anxious mother of Reginald and Matilda, till the period when she hoped, by the fairy's permission, to place her blooming children in the arms of their beloved father. The day at length arrived, and the Baron de Granville supported his Lady to the grotto in the rock. The reception they found was similar to that which had been before given to the baroness, and the children were soon fondly clasped to the bosoms of both their parents. The baroness, however, would not indulge herself long in these delightful caresses, and, having obtained permission of the fairy queen, approached, with her little party, to the third picture in the saloon, the curtain of which immediately drew up, and discovered the representation of a graceful female, receiving a ring from the hands of a youth, apparently astonished and delighted. Reginald, who knew well that he was to be the narrator, thus began the story of *Innocence Rewarded.*

INNOCENCE REWARDED.

FOURTH TALE.

THERE was formerly a king, so much beloved by his people, so respected by his neighbours and allies, that it might be truly said he was one of the happiest monarchs in the world. His happiness was further augmented by the choice which he had made of a wife, as beautiful as she was virtuous, and with whom he lived in uninterrupted felicity. They had only one child, which was a girl, and endowed with so many graces and charms, that they did not regret having so small a family.

Magnificence, taste, and abundance, reigned *in the palace* wise and able ministers, virtuous

and faithful courtiers, attentive and industrious servants, always attended his will, and his immense stables were filled with a large assemblage of the finest and best horses that could be procured. But what astonished every one who came to admire these magnificent stables, was, that in the handsomest part in them, a large ass displayed his long ears. It was not merely from whim, that the king had given this ass so distinguished a place, but from judgment: the virtues of this extraordinary animal well deserved it; for every morning his bed, instead of being uncleanly, was covered with gold and silver coins.

As the vicissitudes of life extend to kings, as well as to their subjects, and, as good and ill are mixed in the lives of all, Heaven permitted that the queen should be suddenly seized with a violent illness, which, in spite of the timely succour of the physicians, terminated her life in a few days. The unfortunate queen, feeling that her last hour was rapidly approaching, said to her husband, who was sighing and groaning at the bed side, "O! King! before I die, I have one request, which I hope you will grant me. It is, that if you feel any desire to marry again."—At these words the king uttered piteous groans: he took the hands of the queen, bathed them with tears, and assured her, it was in vain

to talk to him of second marriage. "No, no," said he, at length; "talk to me rather of following you."—"The state," replied the queen, with a firm voice, and without paying any attention to the king's speech, "will look up to you for a successor, and as you have no son, there will be ample reason for your second nuptials; but, by all the love you have for me, yield not to the wishes of your people till you have found a princess more beautiful than me." At length she died. Never husband bewailed so much the loss of a wife as the king: he shut himself up, for a long time, with the body of his dear queen, weeping and lamenting her loss. In the course of time, however, the grief of the king abated, and the principal persons in the kingdom came in a body to request him to marry again: they said, that although the young princess would make a very good queen, yet the state required that they should have kings. The king, struck with these arguments, promised to take the matter into consideration. In short, he sought, in the different courts of his neighbours, for a princess that would suit the late queen's wishes. Every day the most charming portraits were brought him; but none was to be compared for beauty to the deceased queen. Thus he could not determine what to do. Unfortunately he took it into his head,

that the princess, his daughter, was not only extremely handsome, but surpassed even the queen, her mother, in beauty and wit: her fine sparkling eyes, with the agreeable freshness of her complexion, enflamed the king with so violent a love, that he could not hide it from her; and therefore, one day, he told her he was resolved to marry her, since she alone could disengage him from the oath which he had taken.

The young princess, full of virtue and modesty, was quite overpowered by the proposition. She threw herself at the feet of the king, her father, and conjured him earnestly not to force her to commit such a crime.

The king, in order to make the conscience of the princess more at rest, consulted an old druid upon the subject; who, less religious than ambitious, sacrificed to the honour of being confidante to so great a king, the interest of innocence and virtue. He insinuated himself so much into the favour of the king, by persuading him it was no crime that he was going to commit, that this prince, charmed with his agreeable eloquence, embraced him with fervour, and gave him a distinguished place in his court. He then returned to his daughter, more full of this project than ever; and, having related to her what the druid had said, commanded her to prepare for their nuptials.

The princess, overcome by her affliction, could think of nothing better than going to consult the fairy, Lilac, her godmother. The same night she departed for that purpose, in a little car, drawn by a sheep, that knew all the roads; and when the princess arrived at the cave of the fairy, she knocked at the gate, which opened of itself, and shewed a long passage that led her into the apartment where the fairy, Lilac, was sitting. The fairy, who loved her god-daughter, told her, that she already knew the cause of her visit, and she was not at all afraid; "for," said she, "my dear child, if you do as I shall order you, you will have nothing to fear. It would be a great crime for you to marry your father, and yet without contradicting him, there is a way by which you can avoid it: tell your father that he must first give you a robe, the colour of the heavens: with all his wisdom and science, that is a thing he can never accomplish; and, therefore, you must still persist in your demand." The princess thanked the fairy, Lilac, for her advice, and departed. The next morning she answered the king as the fairy had ordered her, and protested that she would never marry, until she had received a robe of that colour.

The wicked king, charmed with the hope which she gave him, caused all his most famous *workmen to* be assembled, and commanded them

to make a most magnificent dress, to be the colour of the heavens. The conditions he gave them were these; that if they did not succeed, he would have them all hanged. He had not, however, the grief to come to that extremity; for, on the third day, they brought him the wished-for robe. It was of the brightest Cœrulean blue, covered with golden clouds, which seemed floating about in the azure. The poor princess was embarrassed when she saw the robe thus made: she did not know what to do; but at length resolved to go again, and consult the fairy; who, astonished at her secret having failed, told her to ask for a robe the colour of the moon. The king, who could refuse his daughter nothing, commanded his workmen a second time, and such expedition was used, that, between the ordering and finishing it, there was not more time elapsed, than twenty-four hours.

The young princess, more charmed wirh this elegant robe than with the care of her father, was yet very much afflicted. The fairy, Lilac, who knew all, came to the succour of the unfortunate princess, and said to her, "I am very much mistaken in what I told you before; but if you ask for a robe, the colour of the sun, I think we shall then puzzle them all." The princess did as the fairy commanded. The

amorous king gave, without regret, all the jewels from his crown to make the dress, and he gave orders that nothing should be spared to make it equal to the sun As soon as this robe was finished, when it was unfolded, all those persons who looked upon it, were obliged to shut their eyes, and were not able to see any thing for several days afterwards: it was covered with such a profusion of diamonds and rubies, that they reflected a most dazzling brilliance. The princess retired to her chamber with the pretence of her eyes being bad: the fairy waited for her in her room, with a countenance full of anger; she was mortally grieved at her last scheme not succeeding: "Now for our last stroke," said she, to the weeping princess, "we will now put the unworthy love of your father to a most terrible proof. You must ask him for the skin of that ass which he loves so passionately, and which yields him all his riches; go, and do not fail to ask him for that skin. The princess was quite charmed with hearing of another way to elude a marriage that she detested. She thought that her father would never agree to the request, and therefore went directly to him to make it. Although the king was much astonished, yet he hesitated not to grant it. The ass was immediately stripped, and the *skin brought* to the princess.

The fairy was much hurt that all her schemes had failed; she hastened instantly to the princess, and found her weeping, and tearing her beautiful cheeks. "Weep not, my god-daughter," said she, "this is the best thing that could happen; take the ass-skin, and throw it over your shoulders, then leave your father's palace, and go as chance directs you: when every thing is sacrificed for the love of virtue, heaven will not fail to bestow a recompence. Go," continued the fairy, "I will take care that your toilette shall follow you wherever you go." She then gave the princess a ring, and told her that whenever she put it on her little finger, her toilette would appear before her.

The princess departed, after having bestowed a thousand caresses on her godmother, the fairy Lilac. She daubed her face with soot, and enveloped herself in the ass-skin.

The absence of the princess caused a great disturbance at court: the king, who had prepared a magnificent entertainment, became inconsolable. He sent off immediately more than a hundred horse-guards, and a thousand foot soldiers, with orders to bring back the princess; but the vigilant fairy, who was ever watching her, made her invisible to their eyes, so that they passed and repassed her, without perceiving any person. During these movements the

princess pursued her way. She travelled through many extensive countries and kingdoms. At last she arrived at the gates of a large city, and seeing a farm-house, she entered it to rest. The farmer was in want of a helper to clean the pans, pluck the turkeys, and scald the pigs; and therefore, seeing her in want of employment, he hired her for an assistant in his farm. The princess very willingly accepted his offer. She remained with the farmer's family a long time. At first she was exposed to the grossest raillery, on account of the ugly ass's-skin which she wore; but, in a little time, they became used to the sight of it, and it did not appear so odious. The farmer's wife gave her the name of ass-skin. It was her place to take the sheep into the country to graze; a task which she was very fond of, as it gave her an opportunity of being alone.

One day, as she was sitting by the side of a clear fountain, she happened to observe her reflection in the water: she was shocked to see how frightful she appeared in that ugly ass-skin, and resolved to pull it off. Having washed her hands in the fountain, she was surprised to see them turn to a most beautiful white, and as smooth as ivory, having the appearance of white marble, veined with blue. She was quite *charmed* with her own beauty, and resolved the

next day to dress herself completely. The next day was a feast, which was kept by the farmers; so that ass-skin had sufficient time to ornament herself. She shut herself up in her room, and put on her beautiful robe, the colour of the sun; then having equipped herself completely, she looked so exceedingly beautiful, that one might have taken her for the fairy, Lilac, herself.

It happened that day that the prince to whom that farm belonged, being out a hunting, was fatigued with the chace, and accordingly came to the farm to rest himself. After he had eaten plentifully of a cold collation, he began to look about the farm to see that his tenant kept it in good order. In running about thus, he at last came to a dark passage, at the end of which he perceived a door, which was shut. Curiosity made him put his eye to the key-hole; but what were his sensations on perceiving a lady so richly habited, and so divinely beautiful. He could scarcely believe his senses. Her noble and modest air made him take her for a divinity: he could not quit the place without regret, so great was the power the sight of ass-skin had over him.

Prince Faribond then asked who lived in that little room? He was answered, that it was a servant, who was called ass-skin, on account of

her wearing the skin of that animal; that she was so ugly and filthy that nobody would speak to her, and they had only taken her by charity to look after their sheep.

The prince, little satisfied with this description, plainly perceived that these people knew nothing about it, and that it was useless for him to question them. He returned to the palace of the king, his father: day and night he could think of nothing but the lovely image, which he had seen through the key-hole. He repented a thousand times that he did not knock at the door, and promised himself he would not fail to do it, should the same circumstance happen a second time. The agitation of his blood, caused by the extreme ardour of his love, brought on a violent fever, which reduced him to the last extremity. The queen, his mother, who centered all her hopes in him, being her only child, saw too plainly that all medicines were useless: she promised large rewards to the physicians, if they would restore him to health. They employed all their skill; but nothing could cure the prince: the malady still augmented, and he became worse and worse every day, till at length some one told the queen, that his illness was caused by excess of grief. The queen, full of tenderness for her son, went to him, and *begged* to know the cause of his illness. "If

you wish for the crown," said she, "the king, your father, will yield it up to you: he will quit his throne with pleasure, that you may ascend it. If it is for some princess, whether in peace or war, or whatever may be the consequence, you shall be satisfied, though it cost half our kingdom; but I conjure you, do not kill yourself by concealment; for on the continuance of your life depends ours." She finished this touching discourse with a torrent of tears. "Madam," replied the prince, with a weak and tremulous voice, "I am not so unnatural as to wish for the crown from my father; would to heaven that he might live for ever, that he might see me one of the most faithful and respectful of his subjects. As to the princesses which you offer me, I cannot accept them; and I shall try to obey you in every respect, whatever it may cost me." "Ah! my dear son," interrupted the queen, "nothing will cost us too much to save your life; but say, without hesitation, what you wish, and be assured that it will be granted." "Well then, madam," returned the prince, "since you are so very pressing, I will obey you. Yes, my mother, I desire that ass-skin may make me a cake, and that, as soon as it is made, it may be brought to me." The queen, astonished at such an uncommon name, demanded who it was. "It is,

madam," answered one of the officers, who had seen her by chance, "it is one of the ugliest wretches on the face of the earth. She has a black skin, a red face, and is covered over with the skin of an ass. She lives in your farm, taking care of the poultry and cattle." "Well, it does not signify," answered the queen, "my son, perhaps, in returning from hunting, has tasted some pastry of her making; in one word, let ass-skin make a cake, as soon as possible, and send it to the palace. Messengers were dispatched instantly to the farm, with orders for ass-skin to make one of her best cakes for Prince Faribond.

Some authors have assured us, that when the prince put his eye to the key-hole, ass-skin perceived him, and afterwards looking out of her window, she saw the prince so elegant and handsome, that his image remained deeply engraven in her heart. However this might be, she was so anxious to please the prince, that she shut herself up in her little room for a whole day, making a cake for him; and while she was making it, one of her rings slipped into the flour, and got mixed up in the cake. As soon as it was made, she gave it to the officers, who set off with it post haste to the prince.

Prince Faribond no sooner received it from *the hands of* the officer, than he devoured it with

such voracity that some of his physicians who were present thought he was delirious: he was almost choaked with the ring; but pulling it out of his mouth dextrously, he hid it under his pillow, where it lay concealed till he was alone, when, looking at it, he was surprised to find it so elegant. One entire diamond composed the hoop of the ring, upon which was mounted a fine ruby, set round with pearls: the circle was so small and narrow that Faribond judged it to belong to one of the prettiest little fingers in the world. He kissed this ring a thousand times, kept it under his pillow, and drew it out when he thought he was not perceived by any body. In the mean time the malady increased, for the ring could not satisfy his love: the queen began again to be alarmed, and, with her husband, she once more went to his bed side. The monarch prayed, begged, and entreated: he at last prevailed on the prince, who, pulling the ring from under his pillow, declared he was in love with it, and would not marry any body but her whom the ring would fit, whether she were a princess or a beggar. The king and queen then embraced their son, and conjured him to get well. They went out, and caused all the trumpets to sound, and the heralds to go about crying, "All ye maidens in the kingdom come

to the palace to try a ring; the one whom it shall fit is to marry the heir to the throne."

First came the princesses, then the marchionesses, then the baronesses; but they had all such large fingers that there was no fitting them with the ring. Then all the peasants came, but the little ring was too small for them also: then came the chamber-maids; but none would do. Prince Faribond, who was much better in health, sat up, and made the trial himself. At last came all those who kept sheep, turkeys, and pigs; but their short red fingers were so thick, that the ring would not fit them in the least. "Has that ass-skin been here, who made me that cake?" said the prince. Every body burst out into a laugh, and replied, "No; she was so filthy and dirty, and not fit to come to court." "Let her be fetched instantly," said the king; "it shall not be said that I have omitted any one." The officers ran laughing to the farmer's house to seek the ugly-looking ass-skin.

The princess had heard the tabours and trumpets, with the cry of the heralds: she doubted not but her ring was the cause: she loved the prince, and as true love is always timid, she was in continual fear lest some lady's finger should fit the ring. It gave her great

pleasure, then, when the messenger knocked at her door. She put on her beautiful robe of the sun, and having covered herself over with the ass-skin, she set off with the king's messenger.

As she passed through the avenues and apartments of the palace, all the servants in waiting burst out into peals of laughter: when she entered the room where the royal party were assembled, the prince himself could scarcely believe it was the same person he had seen sorrowful and disappointed. "Is it you," said he, "that lives at the bottom of a dark alley, in my farm?" "Yes, my lord," answered she. "Shew me your hand," interrupted the agitated prince, with a sigh. It was impossible to describe his surprise, as also the surprise of the king, queen, chamberlains, and lords of the court, when, from under the nasty black ass-skin, there came a hand of the most beautiful whiteness, mingled with rose colour, and on the finger of which the ring fitted exactly. By a sudden turn, the ass-skin fell from her shoulders, and discovered a form of the most charming beauty, dressed so magnificently, that she dazzled the eyes of the whole court. Instinctively all fell upon their knees; even the weak and feeble prince quitted his chair, and kneeled, while the utmost silence prevailed, though

multitudes were present. Suddenly the vaulted ceiling opened, and the fairy, Lilac, descended in a chariot, made of the branches of flowers of her name. She related the history of the princess so affectingly, that the queen and king, charmed with having her for a daughter, came and embraced her with great warmth, and begged her not to refuse their son. She replied, that she had no such intention, but she could not think of such a thing, without the consent of the king, her father: accordingly messengers were dispatched to his court. This king had forgot his unlawful love, and had married a good queen. He hesitated not, therefore, to give his consent, and promised to be present at the nuptials.

The preparations for their marriage were exceedingly magnificent, and were superintended by the fairy Lilac, who spared neither pains nor expence to make it one of the most wonderful marriages in the world. Kings and princes arrived from all countries; some came in chairs of state, some in chariots, some mounted on eagles, some on tigers; but the most magnificent and most powerful, was the father of ass-skin. He came in an open chariot, made of silver, gilt, covered in many places with sparkling diamonds. In the centre was a throne of *adamant*, studded with rubies, and upon which

sat the king and his queen. This elegant car was drawn by six elephants, covered with golden draperies and silver trappings: these were each led by pages, dressed in blue sattin, and carrying in their hands vases of pearl, full of precious stones, for a present to the bride. At the arrival of the king, the marriage ceremonies began to be performed, and the feasts and rejoicings for this illustrious alliance were so great, that they lasted a whole year, without interruption; and the love of this amiable pair was so great, that it would have lasted till now, had they lived so long.

THE Baron de Granville embraced his little boy with feelings of great exultation, which, however, he did not long indulge, he so ardently desired to witness a similar display of his Elenor's acquirements. They proceeded, therefore, immediately to the next picture, which exhibited a woody scene, and in it a hunter, who had wounded a doe that he seemed to have pursued. Elenor, though not without some degree of hesitation, thus began the story of *The White Doe in the Wood.*

THE

WHITE DOE IN THE WOOD.

FIFTH TALE.

THERE were formerly a king and a queen, who lived in uninterrupted felicity. They loved each other tenderly, and were adored by their subjects; but they still wanted one thing to make them perfectly happy: this was an heir to the crown. The queen was persuaded the king would love her more, if she had a child; and, therefore, did not fail to go and drink the water of a remarkable fountain, to which crowds came from all parts of the world. There were many fountains in a wood, not far distant; but one in

particular was elegantly adorned with white marble, porphyry, and precious stones. To this fountain the queen went regularly every day. In one of these visits she seated herself by the side of the water, and commanded all her attendants to retire, and leave her alone: then she filled the air with complaints, groans, and prayers: "What! are all my subjects to be blessed with children, and me to be without? I have been praying these five years, and shall die if I cannot have my wish." As she was thus groaning and sighing, she remarked that the water of the fountain became strangely agitated, and soon a large crab appeared floating in the stream. "Great queen!" said the fish, "you will have what you desire: there is not far hence a large palace, which the fairies have built; but it is so entirely enveloped in a thick cloud, that it is impossible for mortals to discover it. However, I will be your guide, if you will condescend to be conducted by a poor mean crab like me."

The queen heard this speech with astonishment, the novelty of hearing a crab speak so surprised her; yet she accepted its offer. Instantly the crab disappeared, and in its place rose a beautiful woman. She was rather in years, though the freshness of her complexion *made her* appear young and handsome. "Look

upon me as one of your friends," said she, "I am the fairy of the fountain, and will conduct you to the palace of fairies, since I wish you nothing but what may be of service to you." She came out of the fountain without being wet: her dress was of the most beautiful snowy white, lined with crimson, and her grey hairs were tied up with scarlet ribbonds.

She conducted the queen through a passage in the wood, that had never been observed before by her, or any of her attendants: it was the road belonging to the fairies, who kept it concealed from the sight of mortals. It was commonly overgrown with thistles and thorns; but at the approach of the fountain fairy, these thorns produced flowers, and many orange trees, rose-bushes, and jessamines, rose up, and formed an arch over their heads: the ground was covered with violets, and a thousand singing birds made the sweetest music, as they sat enjoying themselves in the orange trees.

The queen was scarcely recovered from her surprise, when she was quite dazzled by the brilliant light of a large palace, built of diamonds: the walls, the chimneys, the tiles, the balconies, and doors, were all of diamonds. In the excess of her admiration, she could not help uttering a loud cry, and demanded of the old fairy, whether it was a dream, or a reality.

" Nothing is so real, madam," answered she. At their approach the gates of the palace opened, and out came six fairies, in the most magnificent dresses: they all advanced towards the queen, and having saluted her, they each made her a present of a flower, composed of precious stones; a rose, a lily, a tulip, an anemone, a pink, and a carnation. " Madam," said they, " we could not shew you a greater mark of favour than by permitting you to come here; and we are happy in announcing to you, that you will have soon a little princess, whom you must call *Beauty*, as she will be extremely handsome: do not fail to call each of us, as soon as she is born, that we may endow her with amiable and good qualities; for which purpose you will have nothing more to do than to pronounce the name of each of the flowers we have given you, and we shall attend the summons immediately."

The queen, transported with joy, embraced the beneficent fairies, and was going to depart; but they begged her to enter the palace, of which an adequate description cannot be given: they had endeavoured to render it so splendid, that it might rival the sun in brightness; and, considering that it was upon so much smaller a scale, the attempt was eminently successful. *The queen*, who could not bear the brilliant

blaze without difficulty, was frequently obliged to shut her eyes: the fairies conducted her into their garden, where the finest fruits grew without cultivation: the apricots grew as large as a man's head, and even a whole cherry was more than one person could eat. After the fairies had shewn all these wonders to the queen, they loaded her with magnificent presents, and the queen, having thanked them many times, departed with the fountain fairy.

All the court was in extreme agitation at the absence of the queen: they sought for her every where, and they could not imagine in what place she could be: they even feared that some audacious stranger had carried her away, as she was both young and handsome; so that her return was a source of joy to every body, and as she felt an infinite satisfaction from the good hopes she had received, her conversation was fluent and agreeable.

The fairy of the fountain left her, when they got within sight of the king's palace, and then returned to the palace of her sisters.

In a short time afterwards the queen gave birth to a beautiful princess, which she called as the fairies had directed her: then, taking the nosegay of flowers, she pronounced all their names. Immediately the sister fairies arrived: each of them came in a different shaped chariot:

one had a car of ebony, drawn by two white pigeons; another came in one of ivory, drawn by two crows; some in carriages of cinnamon wood, cedar, or wood of aloes. These were their conveyances in time of peace; but when they were offended, they went upon flying dragons, vomiting fire, or upon adders and roaring lions.

The queen saw them enter her room with pleasure: their dwarfs and attendants followed them, all loaded with sumptuous and magnificent presents. After they had embraced the queen, and kissed the little princess, Beauty, they took the presents from the attendants, and having uncovered them, surprised and astonished the queen by the profusion of riches they displayed. There was a sceptre made entirely of one ruby, and the globe of a single pearl; but when the cradle appeared, which they brought for the infant, the queen could not hide her joy: it was made of silver net work, lined with white satin, and supported by four cupids of gold, to which the fairies had given animation, so that when the little princess cried, they rocked her to sleep. This was a wonderful convenience for the nurses.

The fairies then proceeded to gift the princess: one gifted her with virtue; another *with* wonderful beauty; the next with happi-

ness; the fourth, that she should dance well; the fifth, that she should sing well; and the last, that she should do well every thing else that she undertook.

The queen, quite charmed with their kindness, thanked them a thousand times; when suddenly a growling noise was heard, and a monstrous large crab entered the room: its eyes sparkled like fire, and, advancing to the queen, "Ah! ungrateful woman!" cried she, "you have not deigned even to think of me. Is it possible you can have forgotten to invite the fairy of the fountain? What! you have invited all my sisters to your palace, and have forgotten me!"

The queen, with tears in her eyes, interrupted the fairy: she told her that it was the nosegay of jewels that had deceived her, as she thought to have called over her name with the rest; that she could never forget her services; and, above all, begged her to be favourable to the little princess. The fairies seconded the entreaties of the queen, as they feared lest their sister should gift her with misfortune: "My dear sister," said they, "do not be irritated against an unfortunate queen, who has offended you unintentionally: quit this ugly form of a crab, and let us see you in all your charms."

The fairy of the fountain, being like most people, fond of praise, was somewhat softened by the flattering words which the fairies gave her: "Well then," said she, "I will not carry my resentment as far as I intended; but I say, that if the princess, Beauty, shall happen to see the light of day, before she be twenty years old, she will have great cause to repent it, as it may, perhaps, cost her her life." The prayers of the queen, and the entreaties of the illustrious fairies, could not persuade her to change her mind: she left them in terrible distress: the queen filled the palace with her cries, and the weeping attendants strove in vain to console her. The fairies, however, thought of an expedient that might prevent the impending misfortune. They resolved to build a magnificent palace, without either windows or doors, and the entrance to be by means of a subterranean passage: the princess was to be enclosed in this building till the fatal period should be past.

Three strokes of a fairy ring began and finished this superb edifice. It was made of white marble, painted with green stripes on the outside: the ceilings and the floors were made of diamonds and emeralds, wrought into leaves and flowers. All the inside was lined with velvet, of different colours, embroidered by the *fairies, and* on which were depicted all the re-

markable occurrences in history: these wise fairies took this method of instructing the princess in the lives of the different extraordinary men. All her masters that she wanted for instruction were conducted to this palace: her vivacity and quickness anticipated every thing they wished to teach her, and at an age when other children could scarcely pronounce the name of their nurse, she said many wonderful things, and was able to keep up an argument with any one.

If her wit charmed all that came near her, her beauty was not less powerful: she enchanted the most insensible hearts, and her mother could never have quitted her, if her duty had not required her to be with the king. The good fairies came often: they brought her rarities that were not to be equalled: dresses so well contrived, so rich, and so elegant, that they seemed to have been made for a young princess, as amiable and beautiful as the one I am speaking of. Amongst all the fairies, Tulip loved her the most: she said to the queen, "Madam, it is highly necessary that you should not let Beauty see the light of day before she is twenty: our sister of the fountain is of a revengeful spirit, and," continued she, "whatever interest we might take on the occasion, she would do her all the evil in her power, so that you cannot be too vigilant and careful." The queen pro-

mised to watch unceasingly in an affair so important: she stopped up every nick and crevice that could be perceived in the palace; but the princess was not in the least at a loss for light: a thousand lamps blazed in every apartment, and innumerable candles and flambeaus made it appear as light as day.

When the time was nearly come for Beauty to leave the palace, the queen had her portrait painted by the most able hands, and many copies sent to the different courts through the world. Many princes were quite charmed at the sight of it; but one in particular was so much so, that he could not separate himself from it: he shut himself up with it in his closet, and there talked to it, as if it had been sensible of what he said, and there repeated to it every thing that was affectionate and kind.

The king, who now very seldom saw his son, demanded what he occupied his time with, and what was the reason of his not appearing so gay as usual? Some courtiers, too eager to speak, and there are many of that sort, told him, that it was feared the prince had lost his senses, since he shut himself up every day alone, and was heard talking, as if he were with some one.

The king was much disturbed on receiving this advice. "Is it possible?" said he, to some

of his confidants, "that my son has lost his reason: he has always promised so much, and you know well how he is esteemed. I have perceived nothing of his madness, only he appears to be more gloomy than usual: I will converse with him, and shall then be able to judge with what disorder he is attacked.

In short, he sent for the prince; and, commanding his attendants to withdraw, he asked his son what was the cause of his person and disposition being so much changed? The prince thinking this a favourable opportunity, threw himself at the feet of the king: "You have resolved," said he, "to marry me to the *black princess*: you will perhaps find, in her alliance, many things which I cannot promise you of the princess Beauty; but oh! my lord! I find a thousand charms in the one that I cannot see in the other" "And where did you see them?" said the king. "Their portraits have been brought to me," replied the Warrior Prince, (for this was his name, as he had fought many successful battles); "I avow," continued he, "that I am quite charmed with the princess Beauty, and if you will not recal the pledge you have given to that ugly black, I shall inevitably die."

"It is, then, with her portrait," replied the king, gravely, "that you shut yourself up, and

hold conversations, which make you ridiculed by all the courtiers: they believe you to be raving mad; and if you knew what they have said to me on the subject, you would desist from such foolish amusements." "I cannot be ashamed of a passion that is an honour to me," returned Prince Warrior, "and when you have seen her portrait, you will certainly approve my choice." "Run, then, and fetch it me instantly," said the king, with an eagerness that shewed how much he was disturbed. The prince ran to his cabinet, and, having got the portrait, returned and presented it to his father; but no sooner had the king fixed his eyes on it than he became quite enchanted with its extraordinary beauty. "Ah! my dear Warrior!" said he, "I consent to every thing you wish: I shall even grow young again with the pleasure of seeing so amiable a princess at my court: I shall send out immediately ambassadors to the black princess, for I would rather be at war with her than you should be disappointed."

The prince kissed respectfully the king's hand, and embraced his knees with great warmth. He felt so much joy that his friends scarcely knew him: he pressed the king to hasten the departure of the ambassadors, and to send them to the court of the princess Beauty, as well as to that of the black princess. The king fixed

his eyes on a lord, who was very rich, and could afford to live in great style and pomp: his name was Becafigue: he greatly loved the young prince, and made, to please him, a magnificent equipage for the occasion: his diligence and exertions were so great, that Prince Warrior was delighted with them. "Think," said he, to Becafigue, "that my life depends on the success of your embassy: I shall certainly die, if I hear that the father of this princess is making engagements with another." Becafigue promised to use his utmost endeavours, and at length departed. He took with him a hundred carriages, all shining with gold and silver, and painted by the best artists in the world; twenty-four thousand pages on horseback, dressed like princes, and carrying presents of gold, silver, and jewels; next came four hundred of the life guards, mounted on milk-white chargers; and the rest of this grand procession was not inferior to what I have described.

The ambassador took with him, besides many other presents, the picture of Prince Warrior: it was painted by an artist so exceedingly clever, that it answered questions, and made many short speeches. He also took a large sum of money with him: "For," said he, "my dear prince, if I am so unfortunate as not to persuade the king and queen, I will bribe some of the

maids of honour, and carry the princess off." "Ah! no!" answered the prince, "I cannot consent to any thing so vile: she will be offended at so disrespectful a proceeding."

At length Becafigue arrived at the end of his journey. The king and queen were charmed by his proposals, as they much esteemed the king, their neighbour: they had heard too of the great victories and noble actions of Prince Warrior, and knew his personal merit; so that, if they had sought over all the universe, they could not have found a prince, whom they would have thought more worthy of their daughter's hand. A magnificent palace was prepared for the ambassador, and all his necessaries were provided in the first style of grandeur.

The king and queen had resolved that Becafigue should see the Princess Beauty; but the fairy, Tulip, came to the queen, and said, "Take care, madam; let not Becafigue see the princess so soon, and consent not to her going away till she has attained her twentieth year; for I am assured, that, if she quits that palace before she shall have completed the prescribed age, some misfortune will befal her." The queen embraced the good Tulip, and promised to follow her advice.

The ambassador's equipage took twenty-four *days in* entering the city; as he had, besides,

six thousand mules, whose trappings were entirely of gold, four thousand camels, and six thousand roebucks, all laden with presents, and covered with mantles of green velvet, embroidered with silver and pearls. The streets were crowded beyond all former example; every body ran to see the procession. It is useless to repeat the harangue that he made, or to describe the many ceremonies that passed; one may easily imagine them: the ambassador was much pleased with every thing he saw; but when he asked to see the princess, and was denied, he became much surprised. "If we refuse you, my lord Becafigue," said the king, "a thing that appears so just, it is not from any caprice on our side; and to prove this, I must relate to you the strange history of our daughter." He then recounted how she was shut up in the dark palace, and finished with telling him, that the fairy Tulip, had expressly desired he should not see the princess. "And what, my liege," returned Becafigue, "am I then to return without the princess? The king, my master, is waiting, with great impatience, for her arrival: surely, then, you will not pay attention to the nonsense of fairies?" He next unfolded the portrait of the prince, which immediately said, "Beautiful Beauty, you cannot conceive with what impatience I wait for your

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arrival: come soon to our court, and grace it with your divine charms." The portrait said no more, and the surprised king and queen begged Becafigue to give it them, in order that they might carry it to the princess.

The queen had not yet mentioned a word to her daughter about the marriage, or the arrival of the ambassador: she had even forbidden the attendants in the dark palace to mention it; but they had not obeyed her, having told all, though the princess was so prudent as not to mention a word to her mother. The queen shewed her the portrait, and asked, if she should not be pleased to have such a husband? "Madam," replied Beauty, "it is not my place to make a choice; therefore I shall be content with him whom you destine for me." "But," added the queen, "if fate should fix upon him, would you not esteem yourself happy?" She blushed, hung down her head, and said nothing: the queen embraced and kissed her: she could not even avoid shedding tears, at the idea of losing her dear daughter, as it only wanted three months to the time of her being twenty. However, hiding her grief, she related to the princess the arrival of Becafigue, and all the proposals that had been made, and even gave her the rarities and presents that had been sent. Beauty admired them all; but her whole atten-

tion was given to the contemplation of the portrait, with a pleasure till then unknown to her.

The ambassador seeing that all his efforts were useless to obtain the princess, returned post haste to his masters, with the promise that Beauty should be theirs, as soon as she had attained her twentieth year.

When the prince learnt the disappointment, and that he could not have the princess before three months, he did nothing but grieve and fret: he could no longer sleep or eat: the bright bloom of his complexion changed to the pallid hue of distress: he remained whole days together under the canopy in his closet, looking at the picture of Beauty: he wrote letters to it, and presented them: in short, his strength diminished by degrees, and he fell dangerously ill.

The king was exceedingly afflicted: he loved his son better than ever father loved his child, and feared he should lose him. What sorrow for a father to see his son dying, the means of his preservation almost at hand, and yet not quite attainable. At length, he resolved to go himself to the king, his neighbour, and to conjure him to have pity on the unfortunate state to which his son was reduced, nor longer to defer a marriage, which could never take place,

if they obstinately persisted in waiting till the princess, Beauty, was twenty.

This step was very extraordinary; but it would have been more so, if the king had let a son perish that was so dear to him: however, a difficulty presented itself, that made his journey impossible: this was his extreme age, which rendered him unable to go in any conveyance but a litter, which would ill accord with the impatience of his son, or the long distance he would have to go: at last, he thought of an expedient, which he put into execution. Having written a great number of very touching letters, he again sent the faithful Becafigue, and flattered himself this would be an effectual way of making the king comply with his wishes.

In the mean while the princess, Beauty, felt no less pleasure in regarding the prince's portrait than he did in viewing hers. She went frequently to the spot where it was, and whatever care she took to hide her sentiments, they were discovered: amongst others, Giranda and Blackthorn, her maids of honour, began to perceive that many little inquietudes disturbed her mind. Giranda loved her mistress passionately, and was a faithful attendant; but Blackthorn felt a secret jealousy of the rank and riches of the princess; for her mother, who was the *governess* to Beauty, had brought her up with

high notions of grandeur, and had instilled into her a large portion of pride.

The ambassador whom Prince Warrior's father had sent to the black princess, was not very politely received, when she knew the purport of his visit; this Ethiopian was one of the most ugly creatures in the world; she thought it was infamous to treat her in this way, after having made engagements with her, and her anger was roused to a terrible degree.

She had seen a portrait of the prince, and when the Ethiopians are fond of any one, their love is more extravagant than that of others. "How, my lord ambassador," said she, "is it that your master thinks me not handsome enough, that he thus refuses me? or perhaps he thinks I am not rich enough. Walk round my estates, and examine the extent of them; go into my royal treasury; you will there see more gold than all the mines of Peru have ever furnished: in short, look at the beautiful blackness of my complexion, this flat nose, these thick purple lips;—is it then that I am not handsome enough?" "Madam," answered the ambassador, who feared the bastinado as much as any one ever did, "I blame my master as much as a servant is permitted, and if I was one of the first monarchs in the universe, I know well on whom I should fix my choice for a queen." "That speech

saves your life," answered the black princess. "I had fully resolved to commence my vengeance on you, but I now see there would be injustice in it, since you are not the cause of your master's misconduct. Go and tell him he does me a favour by breaking this alliance with me, as I will have nothing to do with worthless people." The ambassador, who wished for nothing more than leave to depart, had scarcely obtained it, than he took advantage of the permission.

But this Ethiopian was too much offended with the prince to pardon him: she mounted her ivory chariot, drawn by six ostriches, which went at the rate of forty leagues an hour; and went straight to the palace of the fountain fairy, her godmother, and best friend: she related to her all the adventures of the broken alliance, and begged her assistance. The fairy felt strongly the grief of her god-daughter; she looked in her book, and perceived that prince Warrior only quitted her for the princess Beauty: that name relighted in her heart all the former hatred, which was now nearly extinguished. "What!" cried she, "that unfortunate princess is always displeasing me; no, charming black,—no, my love; you shall not be offended with impunity. Return home, and depend upon the assistance of your godmother; for heaven and earth shall

be interested in this affair." The black princess, having thanked her, and received presents of some flowers and fruit, departed, very well pleased with her success.

In the mean while Becafigue advanced, with all possible diligence, to the capital where the father of Beauty lived: he threw himself at the feet of the king and queen, and told them, in the most affecting words, that prince Warrior would certainly die, if they delayed any longer sending their daughter; that it only wanted three months to her being twenty, and that no accident could possibly happen to her in that short time; he represented the state of the prince so affectingly, and harangued so well, that the whole court were in tears, and their majesties promised to consider of it, and let him know in two or three days; but Becafigue would not be contented with this answer; he told them they must determine in two hours, for his master was at the last extremity, and if they would not surrender the princess by fair means, he should employ means to take her by force. The king, though he could not but admire the faithfulness of the ambassador to serve his master, was not much pleased with the latter part of his speech; he, however, promised to let him know the result of their consultations in the evening.

The queen ran to the palace of her dear

daughter, and recounted to her all that had passed; "But do not afflict yourself," said she, "you can do every thing for his cure: I am only fearful of the menaces which the fountain fairy made at your birth." "I flatter myself, Madam," answered Beauty, "that, by taking some measures, we shall disappoint the wicked fairy: for instance, could I not go in a covered carriage, without any windows in it; they could open it at night, to give me provisions, and by that means I could arrive happily at prince Warrior's court."

The queen approved much of this expedient: she went and informed the king, who, seeing no impropriety in it, ordered it to be put in execution: he sent, therefore, for the ambassador immediately:—"You may return now to your master," said he, "and inform him that no delay shall be made in sending the princess directly to his court: we have taken the affair into our royal consideration, and see no impropriety in it; therefore we shall be glad and proud of his alliance." Becafigue threw himself at the feet of the king, embraced his knees, and, transported with joy, returned to his master's court, without having seen the princess.

A carriage was immediately constructed, so that daylight could not possibly enter it: it was made of velvet, embroidered with gold, and co-

vered with large sheets of silver; it was lined with rose-coloured satin, shut up more close than a box, and had no windows; the first lord of the kingdom kept the keys which opened the padlocks that were fastened to the doors.

After having bid adieu to the king and queen, the princess Beauty was led to the carriage; her eyes were blindfolded until she was properly secured in the vehicle, and then the bandage was taken off; but few officers were engaged to accompany her, as a great number would only have caused confusion, without any advantage: the queen, at her departure, gave her many elegant dresses, and quantities of precious stones: Giranda and Blackthorn attended their mistress in the carriage.

It has perhaps been forgotten that Blackthorn was inveterate in her hatred to Beauty; but she loved much the prince Warrior, for she had seen his portrait. The love which she felt for him was so violent, that, before she departed, she said to her mother, the governess, "Madam, I shall certainly die if the marriage of our mistress takes place. If you wish to preserve me, you must find out some means of frustrating it." The wicked governess desired her daughter not to make herself uneasy, as she would remove her trouble completely, by making her happy.

When the queen sent off her dear child, she gave every injunction and precaution to this wicked hag, to watch over her, and, above all, to be careful of letting her see the light of day. "You well know, said she to Torbinda, for that was the name of the governess, "what dangers she is threatened with, if she see the sun before she is twenty years old. I have agreed with Bicafigue, that, on her arrival at his master's court, she shall be shut up in a castle called the three towers, where she shall see nothing but by torch-light and lamps." The queen then loaded this unfaithful creature with presents, and she promised to be watchful, and to let the queen know, immediately on their arrival, how they sustained the fatigue of the journey.

Thus the king and queen, relying upon the care of their servants, felt no uneasiness at their daughter's absence; this served in some degree to alleviate their distress for her departure; but Blackthorn, who learnt every evening when the carriage was opened, that they fast approached the city, pressed her mother to execute her proposed design, fearing lest the king and prince should come to meet them, which would entirely frustrate her hopes. Torbinda was, at last, prevailed upon by her daughter, and, at noon, when the sun shone with unrivalled lustre, she suddenly rose up, and cut through the im-

perial of the vehicle with a knife, which she brought for that purpose. Then, for the first time, the princess Beauty saw the light; scarcely, however, had she seen it, than, uttering a deep sigh, she precipitated herself out of the carriage, transformed to the figure of a white doe, and ran with swiftness to the neighbouring forest, penetrating into the thickest gloom, there to lament her transformation, and the loss of the beautiful figure she had just quitted.

The fountain fairy, who conducted this affair, seeing that all the attendants of the princess were preparing to follow her, and some going to the king to acquaint him with the misfortune, raised a terrible whirlwind, accompanied with hail and rain: the thunder and lightning seemed as if it had been intended to destroy the world. An impenetrable darkness hid the forest wholly from the eyes of the attendants, whom she transported to a distance of many hundred miles, that their presence might no longer displease her.

None were left on the spot but the two maids of honour, Blackthorn and Giranda, with the Governess Torbinda. Giranda ran about distracted in search of her mistress; but the other two, charmed with being at liberty, lost not a moment in executing what they had projected: Blackthorn took the royal mantle of purple stud-

ded with jewels, threw it over her shoulders, and then putting on the crown, in which large diamonds glittered, proceeded to the city, accompanied by her mother, who held up her train.

This impostor walked with affected dignity; her head erect, and doubting not but she should be used and received as the Princess Beauty: in short they had not advanced far, when they were met by a troop of cavalry, in the centre of which, two litters, shining with gold and silver embroidery, were carried by mules ornamented with green plumes: the king was seated in one, and the sick prince in the other: the advanced guard galloped off first on perceiving the supposed princess, whom they saluted in the military way. "Have the goodness to inform me," said Blackthorn, "who those noblemen are in the litters?"—"Madam," said one of the horsemen, "they are the Prince Warrior, and his father, coming to meet the Princess Beauty."—"Haste then," interrupted Blackthorn, "and tell them that she is come: a fairy, jealous of my happiness, has dispersed all my magnificent train of attendants by a dreadful storm, and only left me my maid of honour whom you see behind me, carrying my jewels and the letters from my father." The horsemen then kissed the hem of her robe, and rode off to the king *to acquaint* him what had passed. "What!"

cried the monarch, "the princess coming on foot in open day-light!" The prince, who was rather short-sighted, cried out in ecstacies,—"Oh! my dear father, what beauty! what incomparable charms! what sparkling eyes!"—"Ah my dear prince," said an officer of the advanced guard, "be sparing of your praises; when you come nearer, you will find her exceedingly ugly." The prince was much surprised at this speech: if he had been well, he would have jumped out of the litter to satisfy his curiosity; as it was, the king descended, and advanced, with all his court, to the feigned princess; but scarcely had he arrived in sight of her features, than he exclaimed, retreating with horror, "What do I see? What perfidy?" "Sire," said the governess, "this is the princess Beauty; she has in her pocket letters from the king her father: I also put into your hands the jewels and immense riches which the king has sent." Saying these words, she gave the king the jewels; but instead of receiving, he let them all fall to the ground, so great was his astonishment: he was not able even to utter a word, but remained immoveable and silent, ruminating on his disappointment.

By this time the prince came up, and leaning on Becafique, approached the princess; but oh! horror! what were his sensations, when he per-

ceived a woman as tall as the tallest man, so that the robes of Beauty came down only to her knees; her complexion of a deep yellow colour, and her nose more crooked than a parrots, shining with a bright red lustre: in short, she was as ugly as the princess, whom she wished to personate, was beautiful.

The prince, whose mind was occupied with the charming image of Beauty, no sooner saw this ugly creature, than he became immoveable with horror. "I am betrayed," said he; "this ugly creature has nothing of the charming portrait. What! they have sought to betray me into a hopeless passion! They have succeeded, and I shall die!" "Sir," said Blackthorn, "know that you shall never be deceived by me: but what am I to expect from this treatment?" Her impudence and effrontery were unexampled. "Ah my beautiful princess," cried the governess, her mother, "Where are we come! Is it thus they receive a person of your rank? The king your father will know well how to punish them for it; he has numerous armies." "Yes," replied the king, "it is we that must make him pay for it; he promised to send me a beautiful princess, and he has sent us a skeleton, a goblin, an old hag that frightens every one. I am not astonished at his having kept this monster hid during twenty years!" "What beha-

haviour! What treatment!" said the feigned princess, "and this is all because I have been painted a little handsomer than usual: does not that happen sometimes?"

The king and prince, enflamed with anger, did not deign to answer; but, by their orders, one of the life guard took Blackthorn up behind him, and Torbina was served the same by another. "Take them to the castle of the three towers," said the king, and let them be closely imprisoned, the queen stipulated they should go there."

The prince Warrior was quite overwhelmed with this occurrence; he was violently in love, and yet had nothing to please him but a portrait: he would sooner have died than have married that impostor: in short, never despair was equal to his. He could no longer endure the court, and therefore resolved to leave it secretly, with the faithful Becafique, to wander through many kingdoms and countries, in search of repose, to which his heart was then a stranger.

He communicated this design to Becafique, who agreed to attend him, and accordingly prepared for their departure. One night they sallied forth, having left a long letter on the king's table: he assured him in it, that, as soon as his mind was more composed, he would return; but till then, he conjured him to retain the two

women prisoners, and to think of nothing but their common vengeance.

It is easy to conceive the grief of the king, upon reading this letter; the separation of a son so dear, nearly cost him his life. While all the court was occupied in consoling him, and preparing for war, the prince and Becafique travelled expeditiously, and, at the end of three days, they arrived at a large and extensive forest, so thick and dark, and the agreeable freshness of the trees so inviting, that the prince dismounted, and threw himself down on the grass, where he lay, unable to speak, through weakness and fatigue. "My prince," said Becafique, "while you repose yourself on this mossy bank, I will go to seek fruit for your refreshment, and reconnoitre the place we are in." The prince made no answer, but by a sign, and Becafique set off in search of food.

In the mean while the white doe, after she had left her atttendants, struck into the thickest recesses of the wood: she at last came to a fountain, which served as a mirror. "What!" said she, with surprise, "is this me? To-day I think the strangest adventure has befallen me, that ever I experienced: what a cruel fairy is the fairy of the fountain, to persecute thus an innocent princess like me! how long will my *transformation* last? Can I eat grass? Or how

can I preserve myself from the lions, the tigers, and other beasts of prey:" in short, she asked herself a thousand questions, and felt the most lively grief at her situation. It is true, that, if such could be any consolation, she was as beautiful a doe, as she had been a princess.

At length, stimulated by hunger, she cropped the grass with great satisfaction, and was surprised that her sense of taste could be so changed: at night she laid herself on a mossy bank, and passed it in inconceivable terrors; often hearing the howlings of wild beasts. The coming day gave her some confidence, and the glorious sun, which appeared to her something extraordinary and wonderful, rose with uncommon splendour: she could not take her eyes from it, and all that she had heard mentioned of it, seemed to fall far short of the appearance.

The fairy Tulip, who had always loved this princess, felt a sincere sorrow for her misfortune, though she could not, however, help blaming the queen for not regarding her advice; and though she was very much offended at being neglected, yet she would not abandon the white doe to the fury of her sister: she, therefore, conducted the faithful Giranda, in search of her mistress, into the forest, where she made the rocks re-echo with her cries and lamentations.

The beautiful white doe chanced to pass by a

stream of running water, where Giranda, fatigued with running, had laid down to refresh herself. No sooner did the princess perceive her faithful attendant, than, by one bound, she cleared the rivulet, and, going up to Giranda, caressed her a thousand times. The maid of honour was much surprised at the civilities of the doe; she did not know whether beasts of this kingdom felt any particular friendship for human beings; yet it appeared very singular that a doe should do so well the honours of the forest.

She looked at her attentively, and saw, with extreme surprise, tears flowing from the animal's eyes: she doubted no longer that it was her dear princess: she took her feet, and kissed them with as much respect as if they had been her hands; she spoke to her, and knew that the doe understood her, and tears and sighs were redoubled on each side. Giranda promised her mistress not to quit her, and the doe made many little signs, with her head and eyes, that she was pleased.

They remained together most of the day, and the doe, fearing lest Giranda was hungry, led her to a part of the wood where fruits of different kinds grew in abundance: she eat plentifully, being almost famished with hunger; but when she had finished the collation, her fears re-

turned, at the thoughts of spending another night in the forest, exposed to all its dangers: "Are you not afraid, charming doe," said the faithful attendant, "to pass the night here?" The princess raised her eyes to heaven, and sighed. "But," continued Giranda, "you have already overrun great part of this dreary solitude; is not there a farm, or cottage, or some habitation in it?" The doe made signs to the contrary. "O God!" cried Giranda, "I certainly shall not be alive to-morrow: though I escape the jaws of the wild beasts, the fear of being exposed to them is sufficient to destroy me; but do not think I regret life on my own account—it is on yours: alas! I shall leave you in these solitary woods, without consolation! Can any thing be more distressful?" The poor doe began to weep, and sighed as if she was still in her human shape, and the scene was truly affecting. Their tears and distress touched the fairy, Tulip, who loved them tenderly: in spite of the queen's disobedience, she determined to watch over the fate of Beauty, and appeared suddenly before them. The doe and Giranda threw themselves prostrate, and embraced her knees: the latter conjured her to have pity on the princess, and to give her her natural form. "That does not depend on me," replied she; "the fairy who has done her this injury, has great power: but I

will shorten the time of her suffering, and mitigate it as much as possible, by making it so, that at night the princess may retake her human figure; but, as soon as morning appears, she must become a doe again, and run about the woods like others.

This was already much gained in her favour, and the princess testified her joy by jumps and gambols. "Go," said the fairy, "into that part of the forest:—there you will find a small cottage, good enough for this country place." Saying these words, she disappeared. Giranda obeyed the fairy: she entered that part of the wood, and found the small habitation, where an old woman was sitting at the door, weaving a basket of reeds: Giranda accosted her:—"My good woman," said she, "can you accommodate me and my doe with an apartment in your cottage?" "Yes, my daughter," answered the old woman, "willingly: enter with your doe." She then took them into a small room, wainscoted with cherry-tree wood, and very neatly fitted up for their reception: there were two beds of oak, with exceeding fine drapery, and all appeared so simple and so clean, that the princess has since said, she never saw any thing she liked better.

When night was arrived, Beauty ceased to be *a doe; she* embraced her faithful attendant, and

promised she would not forget her, when her penance was over. The old woman every night brought them fruit and wine, and in this manner they lived for several weeks, the princess taking the form of a doe during the day, and returning home at night to her faithful attendant.

It has been already related that Prince Warrior was in the forest, and Becafigue gone in search of fruit: in his search, he happened to pass by the cottage of the old woman; he stopped, and asked her many questions relative to the place they were in: she answered him politely, and, having finished her little basket, she filled it with dried fruits, and gave it to him.— "I fear," said the old woman, "that, if you pass the night here, you will have some accident happen to you; but prevail on your master to come to my cottage, where he will find shelter, and a comfortable bed." In short, Becafigue, delighted with his success, returned to the prince, and used his arguments so effectually, that they proceeded to the cottage. The old woman shewed them into a small room, exceedingly neat, and only separated from that of the princess, by a thin wainscot.

The prince passed the night with uneasiness, and as soon as the first rays of the sun announced returning day, he arose, and, leaving Becafigue asleep in the room, set out to ramble

to the forest. He walked a long time, without taking any certain track, till he came to a spacious plain, covered with moss and fern: suddenly a beautiful white doe ran across with celerity, and the prince, whose natural inclination and principal amusement had been hunting, although he was in a state of ill health, pursued the game with inconceivable swiftness, and now and then he dispatched arrows after her, which made the poor princess ready to die with fear; but the fairy Tulip, who watched over the life of Beauty, prevented the arrows from wounding her, as they all fell to the ground when they came within a yard of their intended victim.

The prince was a true marksman, and, but for the interference of the protecting fairy, would have killed the white doe, who, tired with running, as that exercise was entirely new to her, was exposed to the arrows of the hunter: at length, however, she made a double, and, through a bye-way, eluded the pursuit of the prince, who remained astonished and disappointed at losing the game.

The day passed away in this manner, and the princess saw, with joy, the hour approaching, when she was to quit her form of a doe for the night. She turned her steps towards the cottage, and no sooner reached her apartment, than, throwing herself into the arms of Giranda:

"Alas!" said she, "I only thought the fountain fairy was all I had to fear; but to-day I have been pursued by a young hunter, whom I scarcely saw, so swift was I obliged to fly from him: many darts were discharged after me; but, by some happiness, of which I am ignorant, I escaped them all." "Ah! my princess," replied Giranda, "you must go out into the forest no more, to be exposed to the hunters: stay in this room; I will procure you books from the nearest village; we will read the 'Tales of the Fairies,' sing songs, and make verses." "Do not talk to me of amusement," returned Beauty; "the charming idea of Prince Warrior's picture is enough to occupy my thoughts at night; but the same power that makes me a doe in the day, makes me feel all the inclinations of does: I jump, run, bound, eat grass, and, in short, do every thing as they do: in that time, a room would be insupportable to me." Tired with the chase, Beauty then lay down to rest; but no sooner did Aurora appear, than she resumed the form of a doe, and returned to the forest.

The prince returned in the evening to Becafigue: "I have passed my time," said he, "in running after a beautiful white doe, which evaded me wonderfully, as I took so good aim, that I cannot imagine how she escaped my ar-

rows: when the day returns, I will go and seek her again, and will not rest till I have secured her as my prey." In short, this young prince, wishing to drive from his heart a passion which he now thought chimerical, was glad to find an occupation which employed all his time, and the next morning he set out with eagerness, and went to the same place that he had gone to before; but the white doe was prudent, and, fearing an adventure like the one she had had the day before, did not go to the same place of retreat. The prince looked about in vain; he walked till he was quite fatigued; till, seeing some fine ruddy-coloured apples, he stopped, and, having gathered some, sat down on a mossy bank; but no sooner had he tasted one, than he fell insensibly into a profound sleep.

While he was thus in a state of insensibility, the timid doe, always fond of strange and new places, chanced to wander that way, and, turning round a corner of the wood, came accidentally very near the prince: if she had seen him at a distance, she would have fled; but, as she was so near him, her curiosity made her stop to consider him. If a flash of lightning had stricken her, she could not have been more surprised, than on perceiving who it was. The recollection of the charming portrait was fresh in her memory, and, seeing the real object at her

feet, she became immoveable with astonishment. "Love! O love, what is it thou wantest? must the doe be pierced by the hands of her lover? Yes." She laid down by his side, her eyes were fixed upon his beautiful countenance, she sighed, and wished for her natural form, till at length, becoming more venturous, she approached by degrees, and at last laid her foot upon his arm.—The pressure awaked him; he rose up, and perceived near him the same doe that had given him so much exercise. She did not wait for him to seize her, but, taking a sudden spring, set off with all her force, followed close by the prince. The chase lasted for many hours: the poor doe was completely tired with running, and Prince Warrior was not in a much better state; but what most impeded the progress of the doe—alas! must it be told?—it was the difficulty of leaving one who had wounded her more by his merit than by his arrows. He saw her turn her head often to look at him, as if she would ask him if he meant to kill her; but, as soon as he had nearly overtaken her, she set off again with additional swiftness. "Ah! if you could understand me, charming doe," said he, "you would not leave me; I love you; I will feed you; you are beautiful, and I will take care of you." The air carried away his words, but

they were soon dissipated, and no one heard them.

At length, after having traversed all the forest, the doe abated her speed, and the prince, redoubling his efforts, joined her at a small rivulet; the poor doe, quite exhausted, sunk down, and expected death every moment; but the prince, instead of doing her any harm, began to caress her: "Beautiful doe," said he, "do not be afraid; I will take you with me, and you shall fare as well as I do." He then cut some twigs off the trees, and made a kind of mat, on which he put some moss, and roses off a neighbouring bush; then taking the doe in his arms, he laid her gently on the litter, sat himself down by her side, and now and then fed her with fine vegetables which grew about the wood in abundance.

The prince continued to talk to the doe, though he was fully persuaded she did not understand him; but he was mistaken, for the princess heard with delight his conversation, though she could not return answers: she began to be rather uneasy at the idea of stopping in the wood, and letting the prince see her retake her human shape; but he soon removed this difficulty, for, being thirsty with running, he went to a stream to drink: the white doe *profited by* this opportunity, and set off, with

all her speed, to her habitation. The faithful Giranda waited for her mistress with impatience; "Can you believe it?" said the princess, "my prince Warrior is in this forest. It is the prince who has hunted me and given me so much uneasiness: ah! how deficient the portrait is; he is a thousand times more handsome. Am not I very unfortunate in being obliged to fly from the person I love?" With these words she began to weep: Giranda tried to console her, by making her hope that her sorrows would soon be changed to pleasures.

The prince returned to the place where he had left his dear doe: he sought for her every where, when he found, to his great grief, that she had left him. "What!" cried he, "am I always to have unfaithful subjects, and always meet with misfortunes?" He returned home to the cottage full of disappointment and melancholy. Becafigue strove by various ways to dissipate his master's care, who at last related the cause of his sadness. The ambassador could not help smiling at its absurdity, and cautioned him to beware of a similar accident, by putting the doe to death the next time he should see her. "I only remain here for that," said the prince; "when I have taken ample vengeance on her, we will leave this place and go further."

The day came, and with it the white doe; she did not know which road to take to avoid the prince, but at last took one, quite in a contrary direction to that she had taken before; the young prince, who was at least as cunning as her, suspected something of this kind, and took the same: he had scarcely walked many yards, when he perceived the doe at a short distance before him. Without making the least noise, he fixed one of his sharpest arrows, and taking a steady aim, the weapon flew like the wind, and wounded her in the leg: the poor doe sunk to the ground, and lay in an agony of pain, while the triumphant prince ran with exulting joy to seize his prey. Oh! cruel and barbarous love, what hast thou done? a beautiful princess, wounded by her tender lover!

This mournful catastrophe was inevitable, as the fairy of the fountain had resolved that, with it, the transformation should finish. The prince felt a sensible regret at seeing the blood of the unfortunate doe stain the sand with its purple tide: he held the head of the princess on his knee, and tried with his handkerchief to stop the bleeding; but not being able to do it effectually, he tied the poor doe to a tree, and ran to fetch his attendant, Becafigue.

Alas! who would have thought that one of *the most* beautiful princesses in the world could

be thus treated by a prince who adored her? She tried in vain, with what little strength she had left, to break the bandages with which she was tied, and was near strangling herself with a sliding noose, which Prince Warrior had unfortunately made, when Giranda, tired with being always shut up in her room, walked out to take the air, and luckily passed where her mistress was lying, struggling on the ground. What a spectacle was this! a faithful attendant to behold an expiring mistress! Ah! cruel fate! why dost thou take delight in distressing mortals? Giranda immediately untied the ropes, and was supporting the doe to the cottage, when the prince and Becafigue returned. "Whatever respect I may have for you, madam," said the prince, "permit me to prevent the injury you are doing me."—"My lord," answered Giranda, "the animal which you see here, belonged to me before she became your prey: I would sooner part with my life than hers, and if you wish to be convinced she is mine, only give her a little liberty. Come, my little doe, embrace me"—The doe immediately threw herself about Giranda's neck. "Kiss my right cheek:" the doe obeyed: "sigh;" she sighed. The prince no longer doubted that it was her property, and surrendered it civilly, though not without re-

gret. Giranda was ignorant that the two hunters lived in their cottage, and entered it without any suspicion, though she was followed by them at a distance: they entered soon after, and, urged by motives of curiosity, asked the old woman, who that young person was who lodged with her? The good old woman told them she knew nothing about her; that she had received her and her doe into the house, about a week ago, and they paid her well for her trouble: Becafigue, who was struck with her beauty, demanded in what part of the house they lived? "It is only separated from your apartment by a thin wainscot," said the woman. "I am very much mistaken," said Becafigue to the prince, after they were retired, "if, when I went on your business, I did not see this young woman at the palace of the princess Beauty."—"That is very strange," answered the prince, "how could she come here?"—"That is what I am ignorant of," returned Becafigue; "but she has raised so much curiosity in my breast, that as we are only separated by a thin partition of wood, I will make a hole through it, and take another peep."—"I am afraid your labour will be lost," said the prince, as he turned to the window. The recollection of Beauty, and of his misfortunes, disturbed him, and his mind

found some relief in contemplating the beautiful scenery that presented itself to his view.

In the mean time Becafigue worked away with all his might: he soon made an opening large enough to perceive a beautiful princess, dressed most magnificently in a robe of green velvet, spangled with gold, and embroidered with flowers made of emeralds: her flowing hair hung in large curls upon her snowy neck, only confined in the middle by a large diamond; but what more than all astonished him was the countenance of the princess. Her complexion was of a most beautiful whiteness, and her lovely eyes beamed with uncommon tenderness.—Giranda was on her knees before her, binding up a wound in her arm, from which a stream of blood flowed incessantly. "Let me die," said the princess, "death is preferable to the mournful life which I lead: what! to be a doe during the day, and exposed to the danger of hunters; to see the man I love, without being able to speak to him: Oh! Giranda, cease to bind up my wound, for you can never heal that which is in my heart."

It is impossible to describe the astonishment of Becafigue, occasioned by what he had just seen and heard; he ran towards the prince, and tore him from the window, with inexpressible

transports of joy: "Ah! my lord," said he, "do not hesitate one moment to approach this hole; you will see there the original of the portrait which has charmed you." Prince Warrior did not wait for another solicitation, but putting his eye to the opening, he was struck almost lifeless with pleasure. He feared he was deceived by enchantment, as he could not comprehend how this adventure came to pass; for Blackthorn and her mother he knew were safe in the castle of three towers.

However his passion gave him hopes; one has a natural inclination to persuade oneself to believe that which is agreeable. In such an occasion as this he must either die with impatience, or seek immediately an explanation. He went, therefore, and knocked gently at the princess's door. Giranda, not doubting but it was the old woman come to bring them provisions, opened the door without hesitation, and was much surprised to see a beautiful prince rush into the room and throw himself at the feet of her mistress. The transports that animated him were such as to make his language unintelligible and incoherent. The princess was not less embarrassed in her answers; but love, who is often an interpreter to the mute, exerted himself so well, on this occasion, that he persuaded

them they had never said any thing so tender or affecting. Tears, sighs, oaths, and even some gracious smiles, passed between them. The night passed in this manner, and the day came without the princess reflecting that she must then become a doe; but her joy was great indeed, when she perceived the transformation did not take place; the prince, too, shared in the general satisfaction. Beauty then related her adventures, which she did with a natural grace and eloquence, surpassing the greatest orators of the time.

"What! my charming princess," said the prince, "and have I wounded you, under the form of a white doe? What shall I do to expiate such a crime? Allow me to die with grief before your eyes." Beauty suffered more by the grief of the prince, than by her wound: she assured him it was nothing, and that she could not help loving an evil which had procured her so much good.

The manner in which the princess spoke, was so obliging, that the prince Warrior was quite charmed: in his turn, he related the imposition of Blackthorn and her mother, "And," added he, "I will send to the king, my father, to inform him of my happiness, and to prevent a terrible war which he is going to make, that he may be re-

venged on the supposed ill conduct of your father." The princess prayed him to write immediately, by Becafigue, when suddenly they heard a piercing noise of trumpets and other warlike instruments, which spread itself through the forest; they heard likewise the sounds of soldiers passing by the house; the prince looked out of the window, and perceived his own troops and colours: he commanded them to halt. The whole army recognized their lost prince, and greeted him with a loud shout, as they were fully persuaded he would conduct them to battle. The prince's father was at their head, in spite of his age, and carried in a litter of blood-coloured velvet, embroidered with gold, shaded by a canopy of royal purple, richly decorated. The prince no sooner saw his father, than he ran to him, and embraced him. "And where have you been, my dear son," said the king, "that you could leave me to lament your absence?" "My lord," answered the prince, "deign to hear me." The king then descended from the litter, and retired with his son into a solitary place, where he informed him of the imposition which Blackthorn had practiced on them.

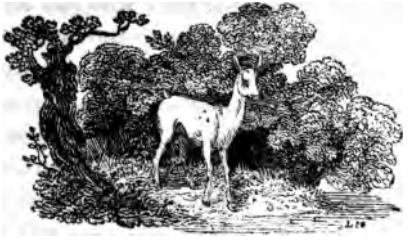
The king, quite charmed with the success of his son, returned his thanks to heaven, and, at the

same moment, saw the princess Beauty, more handsome and more brilliant than the starry firmament. She was mounted on a superb courser, that went prancing along; a hundred feathers of different colours waved on her head, joined to a centre formed by one of the largest diamonds in the world: she was dressed as a huntress, in a green satin robe, embroidered with pearls, and lined with rose-coloured velvet. Giranda too was not less dressed than her mistress.

The fairy Tulip was the cause of all this splendour; she had entered the room as soon as the prince was gone out to his troops, and blowing upon the wounded arm, healed it in an instant. It was this good fairy who had all along personated the old woman in the cottage, and brought about all the happy circumstances which tended to the explanation between the parties. The king ordered the army to return, and, with his son, Becafigue, the princess, and Giranda, returned to the capital, where the people received them with shouts of joy, which was heightened by the news of the death of the black princess.

Becafigue begged his master to speak to Giranda for him, and that faithful attendant having no objection, their marriage was celebrated with every possible magnificence, with that of

the prince and Beauty. Never was any thing so splendid; all the six fairies were present, and, for a gift, they brought the diamond palace through the air. The fairy Tulip, who was yet more liberal than her sisters, gave to Giranda four golden mines in the Indies, that Becafigue might not say he was richer than her. The celebrations of these marriages lasted six months, every day furnishing a new entertainment; and the adventures of the white doe were told all over the world.



The amiable and lovely children of the baron de Granville, having thus finished the narrations assigned them, received the delightful recompence of parental caresses and commendation. The fairy Benina, who rejoiced in the good, the happiness of which she was the cause, thus addressed the little Reginald. "Your country, my dear pupil, will one day, should you survive the chance that threatens you, make large and important demands on the virtues which I hope you will possess. It is not enough that persons in elevated stations fulfil their domestic and social duties, they must also be ready to come forth at the calls of patriotism, with the best energies of their minds and bodies, to secure their native land from the attacks of foreign or internal foes. This is the characteristic that has raised and distinguished the greatest heroes in all nations, but particularly in Britain, and I trust, my dear Reginald will add one more to the list. The contempt of danger, the contempt of death itself, has ever been the basis of great actions, and I will shew you an instance, in which a beautiful and most accomplished prince won the hearts of many nations, by this kind of firmness and courage."

The fairy then, putting herself in a graceful attitude of address, related to him the story of *The Royal Enchanter.*

THE ROYAL ENCHANTER.

SIXTH TALE.

THERE was formerly a king, called the good, as he was virtuous and just, beloved by his subjects, and esteemed by his neighbours.

His fame was so spread over the earth, that a powerful king came to his court, with an intention of being allied to him by marriage. The good king, charmed at the hopes of being related to so great a monarch, gave him the most beautiful of his nieces, called Isenia the fair.

It was made known in many kingdoms, that such an illustrious marriage would soon take place, to the end that those who wished to be spectators of the splendid exhibition, might have *time* to come to the palace. Amongst the

many princes and heroes, who arrived at the court for this purpose, the king of the Distant Isles cut the greatest figure with regard to his magnificence, and the splendour of his person: he was of an engaging stature, and added to many other accomplishments, that of being a great enchanter. As soon as he had seen Isenia the fair, he became violently in love with her, and was much mortified to see her on the point of being married to another; he flattered himself that if he had applied sooner, he should have been preferred.

This thought tormented him much, and he daily meditated some scheme by which he could get Isenia into his possession. At length, however, the nuptials were celebrated, much to his disappointment; but having availed himself of his art so well, the first night when the bride and bridegroom slept together, according to the custom of that time, he afflicted the new queen with an unusual restlessness, to such a degree, that, not being able to slumber, she arose and went into her oratory, adjoining to the apartment: she was agreeably surprised on perceiving it to be lighted up, and sat down to play an air on her guitar; but this occupation was soon relinquished, on perceiving the king of the Distant Isles, enter through a sliding pannel in the wall.

He threw himself on his knees before her, and

declared his attachment; in short he said so many fine things to the queen, that she felt a great inclination for him, and believed herself happier in his company than ever she had been in her life. The enchanter then related to her that he had put into the king's bed a slave, whom he would take for her. Isenia, deluded by the artful persuasions, and magic influences of her designing lover, was prevailed on to remain all night with him, and before her husband awoke next morning, appeared in her apartment as if nothing had happened.

The king, not knowing the cheat, was charmed with his happy nuptials, and believed himself to be the happiest of men; but the enchanter, enraptured with his unmerited success, sought to make himself worthy, in the eyes of Isenia, by other triumphs: he carried off the prize at all the tournaments, and would have laid them at the feet of his mistress, had he dared. However, he gave numberless marks of love to her, and many were the tender looks that passed between them privately when they danced together; he squeezed her hand, he contrived to drink, at table, in the same glass, and, in short, nothing could be compared to his attachment. The next night passed in the same manner, and the king did not discover the imposture practised upon him by the magic of the enchanter.

The festival being finished, the king and queen took leave of the good king, to depart into their own kingdom, where they lived a long time in uninterrupted happiness, and, to increase their joy, the new queen soon presented to her husband a son. Fresh rejoicings were exhibited all through the kingdom, and every one participated the joy of having a young prince who was to be heir to the throne. The king called his son Carados, and loved him passionately, as he believed himself to be the father of him, and the queen cherished him with equal tenderness. He grew uncommonly fast, and became more beautiful every day: one would have thought that, when he was twelve years old, he had been eighteen. No sooner was he shewn any thing, than he knew it better than his master; he danced well, sung well, was an excellent horseman, and knew every exercise wonderfully; he also understood the history of all countries, and was ignorant of nothing that a great prince ought to know.

Prince Carados had heard much said of the court of the good king, his great uncle, and felt a strong desire to visit it, but his parents could not consent to be parted from a son whom they loved so well. Carados could not bear to be disappointed, and the refusal of the king and queen affected him so much, that he fell into a

dangerous illness, and would have perished, if his parents, seeing the state to which he was reduced, had not relented, and given him permission to go. For this purpose an elegant equipage was prepared, and, after being embraced a thousand times, he departed, and set out for the court of the good king.

I shall not say how he was received at this court—that ought to be imagined: suffice it to say, that he was caressed a thousand times, and every one was charmed to find him so beautiful, so amiable, and so modest.

Carados succeeded in acquiring all the accomplishments of this court, and then went to the wars, where he performed so many gallant actions, that his valour became the topic of public conversation.

The prince was eighteen years old when the good king's next birth-day arrived; and the custom had been to celebrate it with great splendour ever since he had attained the throne. He held a supreme court that day, at which he granted every request that was made to him.—His throne was elevated in a spacious hall, the front of which opened into the country, so that one might see all that came very conveniently; and here, at the usual hour, a large and beautiful assembly appeared before the throne of their monarch: the queen, and ladies of rank,

surrounded the throne, strewing flowers on the carpet, and as nothing, in fact, was thought of but rejoicings, every mind disposed itself to pleasure. Carados shone in this assembly, like the rose above all other flowers, and assisted the king in granting the requests of the multitude, when suddenly a strange cavalier appeared in the plain at a distance: he was mounted on a fiery charger, with a long flowing mane, and rode towards the hall with a graceful, yet martial air. Being at length near enough to be plainly discerned, they perceived that he was habited in green armour, partly covered by a magnificent scarf of orange-coloured silk, to which was suspended a sword, so enriched with gold and jewels, that it was impossible to behold its brightness. This young knight was extremely beautiful: his fair hair fell in many large curls upon his shoulders, a crown of flowers adorned his head, and a gay and lively smile animated his countenance.

When he came near the entrance to the hall, he dismounted, and the well-instructed servants of the king, took his horse to the stables: the stranger then entered, and, after having respectfully saluted all the illustrious assembly, he advanced, with a noble and fearless air, to the foot of the throne; then kneeling before the king, and untying the splendid sword which he

wore—" Sire," said he, " I come to ask a favour, which I hope you will not refuse me, on so celebrated a day as this " " Speak, fair stranger," returned the king, " and be assured I shall refuse you nothing : I give you my word, whatever you demand shall be granted."— " Then," answered the horseman, with a firm and determined tone, " I demand a head for a head."

" What mean you ?" cried the astonished king : " you propose to me an enigma instead of a favour : I understand you not." Then turning to the assembly, he demanded if any one were able to solve the meaning of the mysterious demand ; but no one making a reply, he desired the knight to explain himself. " Sir," answered the stranger, " that which I ask of you means exactly what I have said ; but to explain myself further, I require either you or some one of your court to take this sword and cut off my head."

On hearing this demand, the multitude uttered a long continued cry of astonishment : the king quite started on his throne, the queen stared with horror, and all the young females testified an excessive grief. The monarch wished much to be excused from so murderous an act ; but the young man was obstinately firm, and insisted on *the performance*, telling him his honour was in

question. At last, being full of anguish and sorrow, he turned to his people, and asked if there was one among them who would perform the horrible commission; but no one made any reply: in vain he remonstrated to this young man, that he disturbed the festivity of the day; yet could not make any impression upon the stranger, who still demanded that his head should be cut off.

At length Carados advanced towards the throne, and said to the king, "My lord, this young man offers you an insult, by asking you a gift which he inwardly hopes you will not grant; but I am ready to make him repent his demand."

The stranger's countenance brightened suddenly, and he smiled graciously on the prince, telling him he was ready for death. A vase was brought to hold the blood, and Carados drew forth the fatal sword: the young man kneeled down, and the court observed a mournful silence. The prince then raised the weapon, high in the air, and at one blow separated the stranger's head from his body: but what was the surprise of the whole court, when the head, after having made three bounds across the hall, came and placed itself again on the body, and the young stranger rose up with an air of pleasantry and gaiety. The king felt himself happy at

the conclusion of this adventure, and Carados felt still more pleased, at having committed so innocent a murder. The young man immediately approached the king, and, kneeling down on the throne, said, "Sire, I summon you to perform the pledge which you have given me." "And what!" answered the king, "have not I granted it?" "No, my lord," returned the stranger, "you have only performed one half: I demanded a head for a head. Carados has cut off my head, and therefore it is indispensible that I must perform the same operation on him." At this every one gave a loud cry, in which, above all, the female voice was most heard, and seemed to forbid so barbarous an execution. The king was thrown into greater consternation than he had been before, and the queen fainted away: the young prince alone appeared unmoved. He turned to the throne, and, addressing the king, "Sire," said he, "I shall be but too happy in shedding my blood to save your honour." The stranger seemed pleased, and addressing the monarch, "Sire," said he, "I have but too much disturbed the festivity of this day already; with your leave, therefore, I will put off the execution till the same day a year hence, when I summon all these lords to be present, and we shall then see if Carados has as much courage in

suffering death, as he shews firmness in inflicting it."

The stranger then departed, and the assembly retired to the banqueting room, where a sumptuous collation was prepared; but the king and queen partook not in the joys of the company, and all seemed anxious for the fate of the prince.

The year passed rapidly away, but not without giving the prince many opportunities to cover himself with glory, and, on the appointed day, he was the first in the great hall of the palace, waiting the arrival of the stranger knight. Every one seemed agitated, and every eye was incessantly turned towards the country, hoping not to see him, whose arrival was so much dreaded.

At length he appeared, mounted on the same horse, habited in the same green dress, his diamond sword, and crown of roses; and having dismounted, he flew to the feet of the king, and reminded him of his promise, which was yet unaccomplished. In vain the king prayed him to desist, and the queen, seeing his determination, came with her ladies, to beg for her nephew's life, offering him in marriage the most beautiful of her nieces, with half the kingdom; but all would not do, and tears and prayers signified nothing.

Carados alone appeared unmoved, and begged for a speedy death, since it was inevitable: the block was brought, and all being prepared, the young man raised his sword, and kept it so long in the air, that Carados cried out, with an angry voice, "Finish your undertaking, and give me not a thousand deaths by your delay:" the stranger, at these words, raised the sword still higher, but instantly dropped it, and put it peaceably in the scabbard; then holding out his hand to Carados, "Rise," said he, "young prince, you have given incomparable marks of your firmness and courage." The air was filled with the most joyful exclamations, at this unlooked-for termination of so alarming an adventure. The king and queen immediately embraced the stranger, and the whole assembly seemed frantic with the delight they felt at this happy deliverance of the young prince. The festivities of the day were renewed, and gladness filled every heart.

At length the stranger asked to speak in private with Carados, and they retired together to a gallery, where, after caressing the prince many times, the stranger acknowledged himself to be the king of the Distant Isles, and that he was his father. At this the prince blushed: his heart swelled with indignation, and he told the magician that it was not true, that he only wished

to sully the reputation of Isenia the fair, whose royal consort was really his father. The magician was surprised to find the prince so reluctant to acknowledge him. "You are an ingrate," said he, "and I would abandon you immediately, but that I feel for you all the affection of a fond parent. It is I who endowed you with those rare qualities, that never fail to procure universal approbation and esteem. Ah! Carados, I fear you will seriously repent your ingratitude towards me."

They separated, but without Carados being convinced of what the magician had told him. A few days afterwards, however, he determined to go and visit Isenia, his mother, and the king her husband, whom he wished still to believe his father. Accordingly, he took leave of the king and queen, and departed. He was received with demonstrations of the most tender affection by the king, who firmly believed him to be his son: he described the great anxiety he was in during the uncertainty of his fate; and this tenderness so touched the prince, that he immediately told the king all that had passed between him and the magician.

The king, who loved Carados tenderly, was much struck with this information; yet he assured the dejected prince that he would always

consider him as his son, and would never have any other. It was however agreed that the fact of the queen's intercourse with the king of the Distant Isles should be clearly ascertained. Isenia was therefore sent for, and appeared ready to faint away on hearing the charge made against her, which she did not attempt to deny: the circumstance that seemed most to afflict her was, that the accusation should come from her own son.

The king consulted Carados on the conduct which he ought to adopt towards her, and he insisted, that though the crime of the queen was private, yet, for the benefit of future generations, her punishment ought to be public and exemplary. He therefore advised him to employ all his workmen in building a tower of impenetrable strength, to imprison the queen in it for life, and to keep it constantly surrounded by a strong guard. This advice pleased the king, who ordered it to be put in execution immediately: the tower was built, and the queen enclosed in it accordingly.

After Carados had thus performed an act of painful justice against his mother, he returned to the court of the good king, his uncle.

When he was at the distance of two day's journey from the capital of the kingdom, he

perceived something brilliant in a meadow at a distance, to which he immediately advanced, and discovered it to be a number of tents, on the highest of which was a large ball of gold, supporting a golden eagle, so admirably executed, that it appeared ready to take flight.

Carados, seeing no person about the place, quitted his horse, and entered the great tent, where he found an elegant bed, the curtains of which were drawn up in festoons, and on it a most beautiful young lady asleep. The prince stood to consider this incomparable object: the first moment of his contemplation he spent in admiring, but the second filled his heart with love, and though love is always said to inspire timidity, he had the boldness to kneel down, and, taking one hand of the fair lady, to kiss it with vehemence: his boldness awoke her, and she cried out with terror, at seeing herself in the presence of a stranger. Alarmed by her cries, a female slave ran to her assistance, but, seeing the prince, she was equally surprised and confounded. "Look on him whom you would fly," said the slave to her young mistress, who immediately turned her eyes in anger on the prince; but she had no sooner observed him, than, smiling with excessive joy, "It is Carados," said she, "it is Carados."

"I really am Carados," answered the prince; "but how can you know me?"—"Wait a moment," said the lovely young lady, "and you shall be informed;" at which words, she opened a cabinet that stood in the tent, from which she took a roll, and, immediately unfolding it, displayed a correct portrait of Prince Carados.—"This resemblance," continued she, "has conquered my heart, and, from the first moment I saw it, I devoted myself to you; my brother, who travels with me, has promised that I shall never be required to accept any other husband. We are going to the court of the good king, to demand you in marriage for me; my brother is the King of Candore, and my name is Adelis."

As she finished these words, the King of Candore, almost as beautiful as his sister, entered the tent; Adelis presented Carados to him, and they immediately conceived for each other the affection of brothers. As soon as the declining heat of the day made it possible to continue their journey, they proceeded together to the court of the good king. Every one was charmed with the beauty and gracefulness of the brother and sister, and the good king, having introduced the king of Candore to his nieces, he immediately demanded and received one of them in marriage.

Preparations were likewise making to celebrate, with great magnificence, the marriage of the beautiful Adelis and the Prince Carados, when a messenger arrived from the king, his supposed father, requiring his immediate attendance. Accordingly he departed, leaving his destined bride in great distress, and but little soothed by the promise he made her of a speedy return: she knew well that fate often controls, or counteracts, our wisest resolutions, and she felt a dreadful presentiment that something serious would happen to prevent their union.

When Carados arrived at the end of his journey, the king told him that he was in great embarrassment; that the most harmonious sounds were heard every night in the tower which he had lately built, and that he could not help believing that the King of the Distant Isles spent every evening, employing his art for the entertainment of Isenia the fair.

In this the king was not mistaken: the magician had been driven to desperation on learning how much the queen suffered on account of her regard for him. He had placed twelve beautiful nymphs to attend on her, as well as a number of excellent servants for common purposes: her table was regularly supplied with the most delicate provisions, and every evening

a band of performers, created by the art of the royal magician, attended to amuse her with the representation of plays and operas. By these means he contrived to dissipate the solitude to which Isenia had been destined, and to this he added constantly his company and conversation.

Carados soon ascertained all this, and laid his ideas before the king, who agreed that Carados should try to surprise and take the magician.—He went, accordingly, to the tower that evening as soon as he supposed them engaged in the usual festivities, and, having entered with his guards, unperceived by any one, he immediately seized the person of the royal enchanter, who lost all supernatural power in the moment of losing his liberty. Isenia the fair, was so surprised and terrified, that all prudence forsook her, and she could not forbear giving the most extravagant proofs of that regard for the enchanter, which she ought to have felt only for the king her husband.

In the mean time the royal prisoner was brought into the presence of the much injured monarch, who proposed to have him immediately executed; but Carados represented to him that death was too mild a punishment, and suggested a plan that would be felt with equal severity by both the offending parties. The

block, the executioner, and all the apparatus of justice were immediately produced, and the enchanter doomed to pay the immediate forfeit of his life, unless he would consent to marry, on the spot, a black slave of the king's household, who attended for the purpose. The fear of death is powerful in weak minds, and the criminal, deprived of all power to liberate himself, assented to the hard conditions: the union was accordingly celebrated with every kind of mock magnificence, and at the close of the day the bride and bridegroom were shut up together in an apartment of the palace.

At the dawn of the next morning the King of the Distant Isles was released from his confinement, and, as his power returned with his liberty, he determined immediately to transport himself into the tower where Isenia was confined; but how should he dare venture into her presence, after he had so recently suffered the fear of death, to force him into the most sacred engagements with a being of the most degraded kind? He trusted, however, by his contrition and his tears, to make atonement for the disgrace that had been passed upon him, and, full of these sentiments, he entered the tower of the fair prisoner, whom he found deserted by all her gay attendants, whose existence terminated

when the power ceased that had created them. He approached her in mournful silence; his face pale and dejected, his hair dishevelled, his steps trembling and irresolute, and in all so complete a picture of sorrow and remorse, that the hardest heart must have been moved at the sight.

Isenia looked on him with eager, yet silent attention, as waiting to know the cause of this change, and the King of the Distant Isles at last recovering from his confusion, related minutely the whole history of his sufferings. Her heart was pierced with grief at the recital; but she soon burned with anger at Carados, whom they both looked upon as the principal, if not the sole, cause. "Is it possible," said she, "that this can be our son, who thus persecutes both his parents? no; rather let me consider him as an unnatural monster; and let him suffer as we have suffered."

After this they concerted together on the nature of the revenge they should take; and the next morning the queen sent to seek Carados, saying that she wished, in haste, to see him: he came instantly, and found her apparently dejected and ill. "I wished," said she, "before I die, to give you some token of my affection: open that cabinet, and you will find the legacy

I bequeath you." Carados, in obedience to her commands, opened an ivory cabinet, that stood in the apartment; but scarcely had he put his hand within the door, than he was bitten by a serpent, which immediately twisted three times round his arm. The wound he had received was so painful, that Carados uttered a loud shriek and fell to the ground: the guards immediately ran to his assistance, and carried him to the palace of the king, where every kind of medicine was tried, without affording the smallest alleviation to his anguish, nor could any means be found to separate the reptile from the arm of the unfortunate prince.

The news of these events spread rapidly through many nations, and at last reached the court of the Good King, where every heart felt for the unmerited sufferings of the amiable Carados; but the grief of the beauteous Adelis exceeded all power of words to describe: as her love for the prince had been pure and insurmountable, so now her sorrow, at the prospect of losing him, admitted of no cure. The king of Candore, who loved his sister tenderly, undertook to accompany her to see her unfortunate lover, if he should survive till their arrival.

While they were enduring the fatigues of a long journey, in all the anxiety of hope and

fear, Carados was bearing the most excruciating pangs from his wound. Reclined on his bed, and without the possibility of a moment's repose, his form wasted rapidly away. One evening, when he had borne more than usual pain, and was nigh exhausted with his unrelenting anguish, he was informed that a messenger was just arrived from the princess Adelis. This greatly disturbed his mind; yet he ordered the attendants to let him enter, and he conversed with him, all the while turning away his face, that it might not be reported to the princess, how much he was altered.

The messenger acquainted him that Adelis and the king of Candore would arrive on the following day, and the prince expressed himself pleased with the prospect, after which he dismissed him with a liberal present; but as soon as he was left alone, with his confidential page, he ordered him to fasten the door of the apartment securely within, and then asked, if he loved him sufficiently, to share adversity and solitude with him. The poor page, with tears in his eyes, declared that he loved him more than life, which he was ready to lay down in his service; and this seemed a little to soothe and comfort the prince, who immediately caused himself to be dressed as well as he could. He

then ordered his attendant to take what jewels he had, and together they descended into the garden, where, with their swords, they made a passage through the wall, into the neighbouring forest, Carados labouring with his left hand. They wandered for three days in the most solitary places, unknowing where they went, and tasting no food but the few berries they were able to gather on their way; but these were more than sufficient for Carados, whose greatest anxiety was, if possible, to get out of the reach of human society. At length they reached, in the midst of the forest, a hermitage situated in a deep shade, on the bank of a clear stream, that flowed along in silent meanders: a neat garden, carefully cultivated, seemed prepared to furnish an ample supply of vegetable food for the solitary inhabitant.

A hermit, clad in white, came out to meet the wanderers as they approached, and Carados, struck with his venerable countenance, immediately related to him his misfortune, of which the sage had already been informed. He then prayed the reverend father to conceal him from the world, and suffer that he might pass the rest of his miserable life in that retirement. The hermit promised secresy, and in a few days procured two dresses for the prince and his page,

similar to that he wore himself, and the disguise was so complete, that the people whom the king sent in search of the fugitives, saw them, and knew them not.

The king of Candore and his sister finished their tedious journey, and Adelis, full of trembling hope, and fearful expectation, caused herself to be conducted to the chamber of the unfortunate Carados, the door of which they found securely closed: they knocked, but no one answered. The lovely Adelis, more interesting in her distress, determined to address the prince fondly, trusting that the sound of her well known voice would procure immediate admission. "Amiable prince," said she, in the soothing voice of tenderness, "your Adelis is come to soothe your sufferings;" still no one answered, and the king of Candore, uneasy at the delay, ordered the door to be forced, and when opened, every one was astonished to find the chamber solitary and deserted. The grief, the despair of Adelis were excessive, and she would have sunk under the sudden impulse, but for the seasonable relief afforded by a copious shower of tears. The king of Candore, touched by his sister's sorrow, vowed to devote two years for the purpose of seeking the unhappy prince, whom he loved already as a brother:

he departed immediately, enquiring at every place through which he passed, without learning any intelligence that could direct his search: in this manner, the time devoted to the enquiry had nearly passed away, and full of the most painful disappointment, he directed his course once more, though reluctantly, towards the capital where he had left his sister.

One evening, as he was passing through a thick forest, he found himself on the banks of a clear stream, and immediately dismounted, in order to refresh his horse, and to indulge his own melancholy reflections; he walked about for some time, and was just going to lay himself down, under the shade of a spreading beach tree, when his attention was attracted by the plaintive voice of one who seemed in sorrow: he drew near to listen, and was surprised to find, both by the voice and the words, that it was Carados himself whom he heard.

His joy at this was excessive, and he began to doubt the reality: he therefore advanced softly, and perceived, reclined on the borders of the stream, a figure covered with a white mantle, whom he would have taken, without hesitation, for a hermit, had he not perceived the right arm extended, and a serpent twisted round it.

At this sight the king uttered a loud cry, and, rushing forwards, threw himself upon the neck of his friend. Never was confusion equal to that of Carados, on being thus unexpectedly discovered: he wept with grief and shame; but the King of Candore embraced him with so much tenderness, and uttered so many expressions of kindness and esteem, that the emotions of the prince began soon to be less painful, and they entered mutually into conversation. The king reproached Carados for his retirement, and with want of confidence in his friendship, and the prince made many excuses for having abandoned objects so dear to him. At last, it was agreed, that Carados should no longer try to avoid the society of his friends, and that the king of Candore should come again to him in six days.

The King of Candore immediately quitted his friend, and hasted to the capital of the kingdom, when, having obtained an audience of the king, he demanded, without ceremony, the permission to pay a visit to Isenia the fair, in her confinement. This he obtained without hesitation, and directly proceeded in his plan. He represented to the queen, with all the eloquence of friendship, the truly deplorable state in which he had left Prince Carados, and he besought

her, in the name of those tender cares, those indispensible duties, which a mother owes to her children, to release him from the terrible penance that she had imposed on him. He further entreated her, to beseech the King of the Distant Isles to relax the severity of his vengeance.

Isenia, whose anger time had now mitigated, answered, that she consented to her son's cure, but that the only remedy which could be applied to his relief, appeared almost impossible to obtain: he must find a virgin perfectly beautiful, who had never changed her affections from their first object, and who would be willing to suffer in his place. After this, Isenia told the King of Candore how the cure was to be compleated.

Having considered these words for some time, he thanked the queen for her instructions, and proceeded immediately in search of his sister.—She was transported with joy to see her brother again, and eagerly enquired if he had heard any tidings of her lover? He informed her that he had found him, but in the most pitiable state, and that, though a cure was possible, the remedy would be so difficult to find, that he conceived the prince's case hopeless.

Adelis immediately asked to know what it

might be? "My dear sister," answered the king, "Prince Carados will be cured when he can find a virgin perfect in beauty and in constancy, who is willing to suffer in his place; the serpent may then be transferred from his arm to hers."—"Ah!" cried Adelis, "I know that I am chaste, and I know that my affections have never had but one object; but my beauty, I fear, will not suffice to release the ill-fated prince from his sufferings! however, I will make the trial, and shall think myself but too happy, if I can succeed in relieving him, even from a part of his anguish."

Orders were immediately given for carrying, to the hermitage, every thing which the queen had described as necessary to perform the cure, and the brother and sister immediately followed.

When Carados saw the lovely Adelis approaching, he covered his face, to conceal the dreadful change which long sufferings had made in his appearance; for he was so much changed, that even the princess would not have known him, but for the tender sympathy which her heart felt in his presence: she ran forwards to embrace him, and, overcome by the excess of her emotions, sunk down by his side, almost without life. At length Carados was informed

of the purpose for which Adelis was come, but they told him only a part of the circumstances; for had he entertained the least suspicion that the object of his tender affection was destined to run the risk of suffering in his place, he would have submitted to tortures ten times more severe, than those he at present endured, rather than purchase relief at such a price.

Two tubs were then brought, the one filled with vinegar the other with milk, and placed at the distance of three feet asunder. Carados was to place himself in the former, and the latter was destined to receive the lovely figure of the princess Adelis; who, intent only on the act of affection she was going to perform, assisted readily to undress the prince, and then having accomplished the same for herself, they took their allotted stations. The serpent that clung round the arm of Carados, it was expected, would, on perceiving the smell of the vinegar, which all serpents dislike, quit his present situation, and spring to the bosom of the princess. The King of Candore stood between the two vessels, with his drawn sword raised in the air, determined to take the chance of cutting the reptile through in his passage.

The lovely Adelis shewed the upper part of her body out of the tub, and invited the serpent

towards her, according to the directions that had been given, but finding that he did not stir, she chanted the following lines, trusting that the charms of music and poetry combined, would have power to move even a serpent.

Serpent come, this faithful breast
Offers thee a place of rest;
Now that wasted arm forego,
And enjoy this breast of snow.
Freely all my days I give
That the prince in health may live.

The charm of these words, and of her sweet voice, was irresistible, the serpent made a spring, and the King of Candore struck the destined blow, and succeeded in cutting off the head of the serpent; but, unhappily, in achieving this, he cut off nearly half of the left breast of his sister. The dreaded serpent was thus destroyed, but the life of the amiable maiden was in imminent danger: the blood flowed fast from the wound, yet she suffered without a sigh, feeling too happy that she had relieved her dear Carados. The reverend hermit, who knew the virtues of all herbs and plants, applied something which stopped the bleeding, and after a short time, succeeded in healing the wound.

Carados was so touched by this melancholy sight, that the consequences of his recovery

gave him severer pangs, than the malady under which he had so long laboured: he uttered the most distressing lamentations, to which no one paid attention, and the king of Candore, aided by the attendants, removed him from the tub, into a medicated bath, as Isenia had directed. He soon sprang out of it, renewed in his health and vigour, more beautiful than ever, and having dressed himself in the robes that were laid for him, went immediately to present himself before his fair benefactress. The princess received with delight the tender acknowledgments he made her, and Carados was not less delighted in thinking that she could not have achieved this cure, without possessing many high qualities, which are very rarely found united.

The whole party returned to court, and an universal joy, at the recovery of the prince, spread through the whole nation. Preparations were ordered by the king, for celebrating the marriage of the amiable pair, and on the day of this happy event, Carados solicited and obtained the liberty of the queen his mother, for the king, who loved him as his own child, could refuse nothing that he requested: he hasted to the tower, and throwing himself at the feet of the queen, intreated her pardon for his severity, which she granted without hesitation. He then

conducted her to the palace, where the king was again so charmed with her beauty, and with the expressions of sorrow that she made, that he determined to forget all that was past, and take her again to be the wife of his bosom. This however the destinies prevented, for he was in a few days attacked by a malignant disorder, which frustrated his intentions, by putting an end to his life.

Carados was crowned, according to the last will of the deceased monarch, and as soon as the days of mourning were passed, this event was solemnized, with a greater degree of magnificence and splendour, than had ever before been witnessed on a similar occasion. The Good King and his queen, notwithstanding the length of the journey, honoured the young king with her presence, and greatly increased, by the number of nobles that followed them, the elegance and grandeur of the new court. Isenia the fair, now reconciled to virtue by her penitence, and, therefore, tranquil in her mind, appeared in all the festivities with such a radiance of beauty, that many doubted whether she was not even more lovely than the young queen Adelis.

One day, at the close of a magnificent tournament, that had been celebrated in the pre-

sence of the whole court, a stranger knight, of majestic figure, and cased in black armour, entered the area appointed for the games, and having dismounted, advanced respectfully to the foot of the throne. "I come," said he, addressing Carados in a low and hollow voice, "to increase the joys of the present happy occasion, by declaring that I have it in my power to restore to your queen, that part of her lovely person, which she so unfortunately lost in her noble efforts to save you from a lingering death. Pledge your royal word, O king! to grant the boon which I shall hereafter demand, as the recompence of my success, and I will immediately undertake what I have promised." The most eager joy sparkled in the countenance of the young king, at this intelligence, and he could scarcely contain himself till the strange knight had finished his address. "I grant you," said he, without hesitation, "even to the half of my kingdom, if you shall be so fortunate as to render me this service."

The whole court then withdrew to the great hall of the palace, conducting with them the strange knight. Adelis was seated on a sofa, and Isenia the fair was directed to advance, and lay her hand on the wounded breast, repeating, at the same time, the following lines:

I.

"While to virtue's paths a stranger,
Nought of good this hand could do,
And my sufferings shew the danger
That from vice must still ensue:

II.

Days and nights in tears I wasted,
Tears to wash my faults away,
And again of peace I tasted,
Peace that loves with truth to stay.

III.

Queen, since matchless is thy beauty,
And thy mind from blemish pure,
May this hand perform its duty,
And thy wounded bosom cure."

The effect of the charm was instantaneous, and Adelis almost fainted with joy, on feeling her person completely restored: she embraced Isenia with respectful tenderness, and then addressing herself to Carados, with a sweet but blusing countenance, entreated him to confer the reward which he had promised. The stranger knight immediately threw off his helmet, and discovered, to the astonished court, the king of the distant isles. "I ask," said he, "O! Carados, the performance of thy solemn promise. I ask of you the hand of Isenia the fair, that, by a future life of virtue and rectitude, I may atone to the world for the indiscretions of *my* early youth."

Isenia made great difficulty to comply with this demand, but the persuasions of the Good King, her uncle, induced her to yield to the general opinion, and the marriage ceremony was performed the next day.

The whole of their history was recorded in the annals of the kingdom, and finishes, by their particular request, with this admonition. "LET NO ONE FEAR TO DIE, WHEN HONOUR AND DUTY CALL FOR THE SACRIFICE: THE ONLY FEAR THAT IS JUSTIFIABLE, IS THE FEAR OF DOING WRONG."

The baron and baroness de Granville made many grateful acknowledgments to the Fairy Benina, for her condescension in thus endeavouring to entertain them ; but ere they had finished their address, the saloon was shrouded in darkness, the fairy disappeared, and the children, for whom they now sought, were also withdrawn. The only rays of light that remained, streamed upon them from some clusters of precious stones, that studded the gallery, which led to the entrance of the grotto; the baroness knew that this was the signal for them to retire, and having intimated this idea to her lord, they withdrew immediately, and returned with cheerful minds to Granville castle, there to perform those many offices of benevolence and protection, which the lord of an extensive domain always owes to his tenants and dependants.

In these pleasing avocations, as well as in many others of a more domestic nature, a month passed rapidly away, and, at the usual period, the baron and his lady returned to the Temple of the Fairies, to enjoy again the pleasure of seeing and conversing with their children. The fairy received them with her wonted gracefulness, and the curtain being withdrawn from the next picture in the series, discovered three children seated in an alcove,

formed of roses closely interwoven, and behind the youthful group, a female observing them, with all the attention of a fond mother. The little Eleanor, by the direction of the guardian fairy, immediately began the history of *The Good Woman.*

THE GOOD WOMAN.

SEVENTH TALE.

THERE lived, long ago, in a distant kingdom, a female possessed of every good quality that can render women amiable: she was modest, sensible, accomplished, and her integrity was un-

questionable. The flatteries and deceits of the world had disgusted her, and she determined to seek, in perfect retirement, that happiness which she had not yet found in the bustle of courts and populous cities. With this view she purchased a flock, and retired so far from the haunts of men, that she had reason to hope her solitude would be uninterrupted: the sheep supplied all her wants both of food and cloathing, and in a short time she began to enjoy that tranquillity which she had long sighed for. "There is then," said she, "one state of life, in which one can be happy and content, and, by the choice I have made, I have nothing more to wish for." She generally passed the time in spinning with her distaff, and conducting her flock to browze upon the hills; sometimes, however, she wished for society; but soon recollecting how much she should be exposed, even with a single companion, to the deceits and impositions which she had left human society to avoid, she stifled the wish immediately.

Insensibly, at last, this kind of life became familiar to her, and her tranquillity remained a long time uninterrupted; but one day, when she was collecting her flock together, the sheep began to spread themselves about the plain, and to take flight in different directions; so that, in a

short time, not one of the flock remained in sight. "Am I a murderous wolf," said she, "that you fly me? or what is the meaning of this extraordinary circumstance?" Then calling her favourite sheep, "I should be reconciled to part with all my flock, provided you was left me," said she: but the ungrateful creature, however, either heard her not, or slighted her entreaties. The Good Woman was inconsolable for her loss. "Perhaps," said she, in her grief, "I may have lost both my cottage and my garden, and thus destitute I shall then have nothing to do but to die: she returned slowly, being fatigued with running after the sheep: her fruit and vegetables served her for subsistence a short time; but at last these were consumed, and she saw herself totally destitute of every means of support. "Fortune," said she, "thou shalt not triumph over me, for though I have now lost every thing, yet I am prepared to meet death without fear. She had no longer any wool to spin, she had no longer any thing to eat, and leaning on her distaff, she took a road which led into a wood, seeking a place to repose her wearied limbs. Soon, however, her attention was attracted by three little children, more lovely than the dawn of the morning.—Delighted with so pleasing a party, she sat

down to receive them more commodiously: they ran towards her immediately, one threw its arms about her neck, and all seemed to feel great pleasure in having found her in the wood. The good woman waited a long time to see if some one would not come for them, believing that the person who brought them there, would soon return in search of them, but she waited in vain; for night came on, and no one appeared: then taking them with her, she returned home, highly pleased with having another occupation to supply the place of her former one. It was composed of two girls, about two or three years old, and a little boy about five; each had a piece of ribband suspended from their necks, to which was fastened a small ornament. One had a golden cherry, enamelled with scarlet, on which was engraved the word Liretta: the other had an amethyst, on which was written Myrtilla; and the third, an almond of beautiful green enamel, with the word Jezine. The good woman was persuaded these must be their names, and therefore called them accordingly.

The little girls had a number of precious stones about them, and many more than were sufficient to furnish the Good Woman with a new flock, and necessaries for her family: she made clothes for them of the bark of trees, and

in the summer they were dressed in the finest cotton, whiter than snow.

Though they were very young, yet they tended the sheep, and, accompanied by large and faithful dogs, which the Good Woman purchased, prevented them from straying, and guarded them from harm. They grew very fast, and lived an innocent life, loving each other and the Good Woman, whom they took to be their parent: sometimes they passed the time in rambling with their sheep, sometimes in angling; they spread nets to take game, with which the country abounded, and worked, sometimes in a small garden which they had made, to rear plants and flowers.

In this garden grew a rose bush, on which the young Liretta bestowed infinite pains: she watered it frequently, and took care to pluck off the caterpillars and faded leaves. Nothing appeared to her so beautiful as the rose, which she loved above all other flowers. One time, taking it into her head to open a bud, she plucked it off for that purpose, and was proceeding to find its heart, when a sharp thorn ran into her delicate hand: the pain was excessive, and she could not prevent a torrent of tears coming to her relief. The beautiful Jerzine wept also at her misfortune, and taking her hand, gently squeezed out the blood. The Good Woman

was no where to be found. Jerzine was greatly afflicted at this loss, and Myrtilla endeavoured to console him, but could not succeed. "My sister," said he to her, "I am in despair; Liretta will be angry at my negligence, and all you can say, cannot diminish my grief."—"Well then, my brother," returned Myrtilla, "we will rise to-morrow, at dawn of day, and seek another." Just as she spoke these words, Liretta joined them, and having learnt the cause of Jerzine's grief, smiled, and said, "My dear Jerzine, do not afflict yourself; the loss of the partridge gives me not so much uneasiness as to see your grief." These words reestablished his former liveliness, and his countenance acquired its wonted gaiety.

"Why," said he to himself, "could not Myrtilla restore my spirits by her kindness, when Liretta has done it by a single word." On the other hand, Myrtilla saw clearly that her brother made a great difference between her and her sister. "We are not an even number at present," said she to herself; "I wish I had another brother here, who would love me as much as Jerzine loves my sister.

Liretta was now arrived at her fourteenth year, Myrtilla thirteen, and Jerzine fifteen; when one evening, after supper, they were seated on the lawn before their cottage door, with the

Good Woman, who was instructing them in many pleasant and useful things. The young Jerzine seeing Liretta playing with the jewel which hung from her neck, asked his dear mother for what purpose it was placed there, and what use it was intended for: the Good Woman replied, that they had each one when she found them in the wood, on which was engraved the names which she had called them. Liretta then said, "How delighted I should be, if mine would but do for me what I could say."—"And what would you say?" asked Jerzine. "You shall see," returned she; and taking the golden cherry in her hand, she said, "Beautiful cherry, if you have the power to grant my wishes, build me immediately a house of roses."

At the same moment, they heard a strange noise behind them, and Myrtilla, turning round, was the first who perceived the effect of this wish: she beheld, instead of the cottage, the most beautiful house that was ever seen: the rest soon joined in her surprise, and all agreed in admiring the wonderful structure. It was not high, and the roof was formed entirely of roses, destined to bloom equally in summer as in winter. They rose and entered it; but nothing could equal their surprise, when, on entering the first apartment, the partridge of Jerzine, which had been lost, flew on to his

shoulder, and testified his joy at their meeting, by a thousand caresses. All the rooms were decorated and furnished in a style which they had never seen before; and in the middle of each apartment, in a golden vase, stood a rose-tree in full blossom.

"Can so much be done merely by a wish?" cried Myrtilla, and taking her amethyst in her hand. "Beautiful stone," said she, "give us an elegant garden, more handsome than the one we have."

Scarcely had she finished speaking, when the object of her wish appeared before her astonished eyes; it was laid out with great taste, and every thing, for gratifying every sense, appeared in the greatest perfection. The little party ran directly into it, ran about the gravel walks, on the enamelled turfs, and rested on the borders of the fountains.

"Wish for something, my brother," said Liretta: "But I wish for nothing more," said he, "than to be beloved by you, as much as I love you."—"O!" returned Liretta, "that depends upon my heart, not on your almond." "Well then," replied Jerzine, taking his almond, "I wish that near here a large forest may rise, where the king's son, coming to hunt, may see Myrtilla, and fall in love with her."

"What have you done!" cried the beautiful

girl, "I do not desire to alter my situation, for I prefer the innocent life which we lead, to any other."—"You are in the right," cried the Good Woman, "and I admire your wisdom: the king, they say, is a cruel usurper, who has murdered the rightful king, and all his family: perhaps, therefore, the son may be no better than the father.

Meanwhile the Good Woman was astonished at the strange wishes of these wonderful children: she knew not what to think. At the close of the day, they retired into the house of roses, and the next day the young party learnt with joy, that not far from their habitation, was a large forest, abounding with all kinds of game: this was a fine place for the young hunters; they frequently went there, and succeeded in taking hares, hinds, rabbits, and many kinds of animals, which they either brought up tame, or feasted on for a delicious repast.

Jerzine had taken a young fawn, more white than snow, which he tamed and gave to Liretta; it followed her every where, and when she was, for a short time, separated from Jerzine, the fawn served to carry letters from one to the other.

Thus this little party lived in peaceful innocence, occupying their time in divers exercises and amusements, according to the different sea-

sons. In spring they spent their days with the flocks; but in summer their occupations were less fatiguing. In winter and autumn they penetrated the woods and forests, hunting and laying snares for various kinds of animals: they were armed with bows and arrows, and sometimes would go out for many days together, on long excursions, from which they would come home quite worn out with fatigue, and half dead with cold, to the house of roses, where the Good Woman waited to receive them, with a large fire. She knew not which to begin upon: "Liretta, my dear child," said she, "put your feet to the fire;" then taking Myrtilla on her knee, "Myrtilla, my love, give me your beautiful hands, that I may warm them: and you, my son, Jerzine, come near me." In this manner she rendered them every agreeable service in her power, and they all lived a life of ease and happiness. The Good Woman admired the friendship which subsisted between Jerzine and Liretta, hoping they were not brother and sister, which she feared was the case, as they appeared to her so equal in every thing, so alike in disposition and manners, that she had every reason to conclude they must be related by the ties of blood. "If it is so," said she, "this friendship will be very dangerous, and ought not to be encouraged; but if they are no ways related,

to see them united would be the greatest happiness I could enjoy."

Remaining ignorant on this point, she had forbidden Liretta to be alone with Jerzine, and had desired Myrtilla to keep always with them. Liretta obeyed with the greatest submission, and her sister also did as she had been ordered.

At length the Good Woman, perceiving them to grow more attached to each other every day, resolved to go and consult a learned fairy, of whom she had heard spoken, to know how these children came into the wood, and to whom they belonged.

One day Liretta had a slight indisposition, and Myrtilla with Jerzine were gone to the chase. This the Good Woman thought would be a good opportunity to seek the fairy Tutine, and therefore, leaving Liretta in the house of roses, she took the way to the residence of the fairy. In her road she met the partridge of Jerzine, who was going to the habitation, and at the same time she saw the fawn of Liretta, going to the forest. As they came nearer, she perceived, with astonishment, a small piece of ribband hanging to their necks, to which was attached a paper. Curiosity prompted her to read them, and calling the partridge, she took the billet, and read the following verses.

I.

Go faithful bird my sighs convey,
To fair Liretta's ear.
Tell her I weep the hours away
Unless when she is near.

II.

But ah! when she is near I sigh,
Though joy the impulse give;
How strange that in her sight I die,
And from her cannot live.

"What words! what expressions!" cried the Good Woman, "simple friendship does not explain itself with so much ardour:" then taking the paper from the fawn, who was licking her hand, she read as follows:

The setting sun now sloping darts his rays,
And yet my Jerzine in the forest stays;
How long the hours, when he is gone, appear,
And days still seem but moments when he's near.

"These are the practices of the world, which I have abandoned," cried the Good Woman; "who has taught them so much in a solitude where they are shut out from all society? How shall I proceed to root up this pernicious evil?" "Ah! madam," answered the partridge, "let them alone, the power that guides these proceedings is better informed than you are."

The Good Woman remained quite astonished: she well knew that the partridge must

speak by a supernatural power: the two billets fell from her trembling hands, and at the same moment the fawn and partridge picked them up, and proceeded on their commission; the latter sung so frequently the note of tu, tu, tine, that she had no doubt but that fairy had interested herself in the affair: not being able, however, to finish her journey that day, she returned hastily to the house of roses.

In the mean while Jerzine and Myrtilla continued all day hunting, and being fatigued with the exercise, they sat down, under a spreading oak, where they soon fell asleep. The king's son happened to be hunting in the forest that same day, and in his eagerness to follow the game, had separated himself from his attendants: in endeavouring to seek them, he passed by the place in which Jerzine and his sister lay asleep. Struck with their uncommon beauty, he stopped and gazed on them with admiration. The head of Jerzine rested on his quiver, and that of Myrtilla had accidentally reclined on the breast of the young shepherd; together forming a display of beauty and innocence, sufficient to warm the heart of the most insensible beholder. But the prince's heart was truly susceptible, and he immediately dismounted to view them nearer: he judged, from their being unattended, and from the simplicity of their habits, that they

were merely rustic inhabitants of the forest, and he sighed with anguish, on finding that his heart was already irretrieveably engaged by the charms of the lovely Myrtilla; in the moment too that he felt his heart pierced with love, he became equally the victim of jealousy; for he could not look upon the situation of familiarity in which the sleepers lay, without conceiving it to arise from an attachment that must prove fatal to his own wishes. Disturbed by these emotions, he would no longer let them enjoy that tranquillity, of which they had deprived him, and touched with his lance the beautiful Jerzine, who immediately jumped up, and perceiving a stranger before him, he put his hand over the face of Myrtilla, calling her, at the same time, his sister, by which fortunate expression he relieved the anxiety of the young prince.

Myrtilla rose up, quite astonished; she had never seen any human being before, except those of her own party, and was therefore greatly struck at the sight of a young person of her own age, magnificently habited, and possessing all those graces of manner and conversation, which never fail to inspire affection. He addressed her at once with polite freedom, mixing in his discourse many expressions of tender regard, to which Myrtilla listened with emotions

of joy, that had never before found place in her artless breast. She answered him with modest frankness, mixed with graceful simplicity. Jerzine, finding that it grew late, and his fawn having brought the billet, told his sister that it was time to return home. "Come," said Myrtilla, to the young prince, sweetly offering him her hand, "come, my brother, to the bower of roses, where we will shelter and refresh you. Myrtilla, who had been taught to call Jerzine her brother, and not yet knowing any other relationship more tender, addressed the young prince by the same appellation. He did not wait for a second invitation, and insisted on carrying the bow and quiver of Myrtilla: Jerzine having loaded his fawn with the game they had taken, the little party set out to return home.

They soon arrived at the house of roses, where Liretta came out to meet them, she smiled significantly on the prince, and turning to Myrtilla, "I am very glad," said she, "that your amusement has been so profitable."

They then went all three to the Good Woman, who was pleased to see so illustrious a guest, and prepared to entertain him accordingly. He remained thus three days, in the amiable society of his newly acquired friends, and found so many charms in the person and conversation of

Myrtilla, that the wish which Jerzine had made to his almond, was completely accomplished.

The attendants of the prince were distracted at having lost him, and more so, when they found his horse without a rider; for they then feared, that some fatal accident had deprived them of him, whom it was their duty to follow, and protect from all dangers: they sought him in every part of the forest, but without success, and the king his father, when they returned without his son, was ready to sacrifice them every one, for their seeming negligence. The queen was not less afflicted for their loss, but her virtuous mind, accustomed to misfortunes, submitted with pious resignation to the affliction: she was sister of the late monarch, who had been so cruelly put to death by the reigning king, whom she was compelled to marry. However, to leave nothing untried, that might give a chance of restoring the prince, she sent privately for the fairy Tutine, who had ever been a friend of her family, but had, for many years, withdrawn her acquaintance, and totally declined appearing at court, on acconnt of the enormities practised by the king.

The fairy, unperceived by any one, entered the queen's private cabinet, and not having met for so long a time, they embraced each other tenderly, as soon as she discovered herself.

The fairy, prevailed upon by the solicitations of the queen, told her, that she would soon see her son again, and that, whatever events might happen, of an unfavourable aspect, she should not be alarmed, or disquieted by them; for that, at a period not far distant, she should become the happiest woman in the world.

In the mean while, the attendants of the prince, alarmed by the terrors of the king's wrath, and the cruel punishments with which he threatened them, made such active search for him, that they discovered him at last in his fragrant residence. They conducted him back to the court, where the king, his father, reprimanded him, with a degree of harshness and severity, that astonished all the court, in which every one was exceedingly attached to the prince, both for the charms of his person, and the elegance of his manners: he submitted without reply to this cruel treatment, consoling himself all the while with thinking on the lovely Myrtilla; yet his dejection increased so much, in a few days, that the queen could not help taking notice of it, and at last, by her entreaties, succeeded in persuading him, to make her the confidante of his grief. "If," said he, "you would mount your palfrey, and go to the house of roses, you would see that which has robbed me of rest, and that must charm every be-

holder. The queen consented, and, taking her son with her, left the palace without being observed: the distance was not great, and she was soon delighted in viewing the dear object of her son's affections: she was equally astonished at the beauty of Jerzine and Liretta, whom she embraced with as much tenderness, as if they had actually been her children, and from that moment conceived an unalterable regard for them, as well as to the Good Woman, to whose care they were so much indebted: she admired the structure of the house, and the beautiful arrangement of the gardens, and returned to the palace, delighted with the excursion she had made. When the king, who had been informed of her absence, knew that she was returned, he demanded of her where she had been, and what to see: she answered him truly, and described what she had seen, in a manner so interesting, that the king determined to go there himself: the prince asked permission to attend him, which he obtained with difficulty; for it never was the practice of the king to grant a favour gracefully. The moment he saw the house of roses, he thought of nothing but how he should frame a pretence to get possession of it; and this idea so wholly filled his mind, that he paid no regard to the lovely inhabitants. He told the Good Woman, he meant to sleep there that evening,

and the intelligence almost distracted her. The noise and bustle which he made in the house, made it no longer like the asylum of peaceful innocence, and she could not help exclaiming, in her distress, "O! Grandeur! I sought peace by avoiding thee, and now that thou comest near me, peace flies my habitation." However, she gave the king a comfortable bed, and, at the proper hour of rest, retired with her little family to a small closet adjoining. When the wicked king was in bed, he found it impossible to sleep, for the blessing of sweet repose is reserved alone for the innocent: he opened his weary eyes, and saw, at the foot of his bed, a little old woman, about a foot high, and as broad as long: she had large spectacles on her nose, covering the greatest part of her face, and she made the most terrible grimaces at him, indicating threats of vengeance and punishment. The guilty are ever the victims of fear, and this tyrant, who had been the instrument of inflicting tortures on so many, now trembled at the sight of a pigmy that threatened him. These apprehensions inflicted excruciating tortures on his mind, and, in a moment afterwards, he felt his body pierced with millions of needles. Thus, in continual torment both in mind and body, he passed the whole night without sleep: sometimes a strange noise sounded, as if close in his

ears, and provoked him to exclamations, little becoming the dignity of a king. "Sire," said a voice of some invisible agent, "suffer your subjects to rest free from the fear of your tyranny, and then you shall enjoy that repose which you allow to others. Heaven entrusts to monarchs the happiness of their subjects, and wisely ordains they shall find no joy, no repose, but in the performance of this sacred duty." This expostulation recalled to the mind of the tyrant, the recollection of the many innocent lives that he had destroyed, of the oppressions that he had exercised on his people, and he trembled till his bed shook, with excessive fear and agitation: he rose immediately, and, calling up his servants, ordered immediate search to be made in every corner of the apartment, but no one could be found.

Nevertheless he continued to behold the same vision, and the needles wounded him more than ever, so that at length he became furious, and his anger rose to a terrible pitch: "Ah!" cried he, "it is a charm of this sorceress, whom they call the Good Woman: I will have her instantly put to death, and exterminate all her race.

Full of this resolution, he put on his cloaths, and as soon as the day began to dawn, he ordered his body guards to seize the Good Woman and all her little innocent family, to put

them in irons, leading them before him, that he might be witness to their despair. Their charming countenances, overflowed with tears, had not any power to alter his determination; on the contrary, he felt inwardly a malignant joy. His son, whose tender heart was almost broken at so melancholy a scene, could not look on Myrtilla, without feeling the most lively grief. A true lover, on such an occasion, feels more than the beloved object.

Already were they proceeding to the palace, when the young Jerzine, who had no arms to make a resistance, suddenly thought of the little almond that hung to his neck; taking it, therefore, immediately in his hand: "Beautiful almond," said he, "protect us from the barbarity of this unfeeling king"——"Let us go to his greatest enemies," cried Liretta to her golden cherry—"And grant that we may take this amiable prince with us, lovely Amethyst," continued Myrtilla.

They had scarcely pronounced these words, when they found themselves in a car, with the prince, the partridge, and the fawn; and, rising rapidly into the air, soon lost sight of the vindictive king, and of the house of roses.

The very moment that Myrtilla had uttered her wish she repented of it. She felt that she had given way to her first emotions on the oc-

easion, and she had long been taught that all persons, in so doing, are liable to act wrong: confused, therefore, by this apprehension, she had not the courage to look up once, during the whole journey. The Good Woman gave her a look of reprehension: "My daughter," said she, "you have not done right in separating the prince from his father; however unjust he might be, he should not quit him."—"Ah! Madam!" cried the prince, "do not object to my having the happiness to accompany you."

As these words were finished they arrived at the end of their journey, before a magnificent palace, where, having alighted, they were received by the fairy Tutine: she appeared a beautiful female, smiling and good humoured: she told them, she was the cause of every comfort they enjoyed; that she had been their constant protectress, and had hung round the necks of the three children, the cherry, the amethyst, and the almond; the virtues of which had now ceased, as they were arrived under her immediate care.

Then, addressing herself particularly to the prince, she said, that he must have heard of the many injuries, which his father had done to her and her friends; but yet, on account of his amiable qualities, she would not resent them to-

ward him, but would inflict the punishment on him, who was the author of the offence.

After that she assured them, they should be all happy and comfortable under her protection; that she had flocks, distaffs, bows, and arrows; and, in short, every thing that could afford them diversion and amusement. She then gave them pastoral dresses, of the most elegant kind, together with every instrument necessary for a shepherd's life.

The next day the fairy Tutine took them with her, and shewed them her lands: "Here is a fine forest," said she; "it abounds with game, and will furnish you much amusement in hunting them. You may extend your excursions only, on this side, as far as that meandering stream, and, in the woods, be careful not to pass a large oak, which grows on the borders: it is very remarkable, as the trunk and roots are of iron. If you go beyond this singular tree, misfortunes may happen to you, from which I cannot save you."

The young party assured her they would strictly adhere to her injunctions, and set out immediately towards the forest: the Good Woman remaining, with the fairy, behind. Tutine remarked, that a gloom pervaded the countenance of her guest, who seemed to have some anxiety on her mind: this induced her to inquire

the cause, and, addressing her: "Madam," said she, "what inward grief preys upon your soul, and what is the cause of your uneasiness?"—"I will not conceal any thing from you," answered the Good Woman, "I feel uneasy at my little family being suffered to go all together: I have observed, for a long time, and with great uneasiness, that Liretta and Jerzine are strongly attached to each other, by a sentiment more than fraternal; and, in addition to this, which increases my distress, I see that the prince and Myrtilla have surrendered themselvs, without reserve, to a most violent passion."—"You have so well educated these children," said the fairy, "that I will be answerable for their conduct, and now I will inform you who and what they are."

She then told her, that Jerzine was son to the wicked king, and brother to the young prince; that Myrtilla and Liretta were sisters, daughters to the deceased king, whom he had put to death, and sisters to the present queen: that when the cruel monarch mounted the throne, he committed a thousand horrid murders, and threatened to murder the two young princesses: that if it had not been for her assistance, in rescuing them out of his power, they must have inevitably perished. The queen had tried to save them; but not being able to succeed, had called the

fairy Tutine to her assistance, who promised to interest herself in the affair, provided she might take their eldest son Jerzine. To this the queen consented, being soothed with a promise that one day she should again see her family, and live with them in happiness. "Then," continued the fairy, "I took them under my protection, and looking out for some one who might educate them; I put them under your care, as a person most worthy of that employment. As for your apprehensions on the subject of their attachment, I assure you, to see them united would be to me a great pleasure; Liretta and Jerzine would govern the kingdom; and, by that means, would establish peace and happiness in the royal family, as well as the whole dominion.

The Good Woman heard all this conversation with great astonishment, but not without shedding tears: the good fairy Tutine enquired the cause of her emotion. "Alas!" said she, "I fear that they will lose their innocence, in being elevated to so much grandeur, and that so brilliant a fortune will dazzle them, and corrupt their virtue." "No, no," interrupted the fairy Tutine, "fear not so great a misfortune; you have instilled into their young minds such good principles, that it is improbable they will stray into the paths of vice."

The Good Woman found her uneasiness dissipated by the conversation of the fairy, and she now felt the most inward satisfaction. The young rustics also found themselves completely happy, and desired nothing more than the continuation of the present state in which they lived: their pleasures, although innocent, were gay and lively, and the days passed away so rapidly, that they appeared like hours.

The bad king soon learnt that they were in the power of the fairy Tutine; he knew well the dispositions of her charms and enchantments, and also that he could not obtain them again but by cunning: not being able to inhabit the house of roses, through the many torments which he experienced, inflicted by the fairy Tutine, he determined to turn all his indignation on the young party, and for that purpose employed all kinds of artifices and stratagems, to draw them beyond the enchanted oak; but all his efforts failed, and for a time they strictly obeyed the orders of their protectress.

One unfortunate day, they had wandered unthinkingly to the neighbourhood of the fatal oak prescribed by the fairy as their utmost boundary. The beautiful Liretta perceived on a tree, not twenty paces distant, in the forbidden ground, a bird of such brilliant plumage, that, *without* thinking of the consequences, she

drew an arrow from her quiver, and shot it through the head: the bird fell, and she ran to seize it. All this passed too suddenly to allow time for reflection, so that poor Liretta herself was thus taken in the snare that had been laid for her; for she had lost the power of returning. She was immediately conscious of the error, and held out her hands, imploring the aid of her brothers and sister. Myrtilla began to weep; but Jerzine ran to her without hesitation. "I will perish with you," said he, "if I "cannot save you." Myrtilla was preparing to follow, but the prince would not suffer her.— "Let us go," cried he, "and inform the fairy what has happened; she will be of the greatest assistance to them." At this moment they saw the servants of the wicked king, who seized on the innocent victims: all that they could do was to bid one another adieu.

The wicked king had caused the beautiful bird to be placed there, in order to entice the unthinking shepherds into his snares: he was very well pleased with the success of his scheme; and when Liretta and Jerzine were brought before him, he offered them a thousand indignities, and sent them to a terrible and obscure prison, where they were doomed to languish, without any kind of food, except a little water and a few crusts of bread. It was now they lamented the

almond and cherry having lost their virtue.—The partridge and fawn had followed them; but the latter hearing the king give orders to shoot him, made his escape to Myrtilla; the partridge was more successful; she saw them each day through the grating of their prison, and saw with joy that they were not separated; a circumstance which had escaped the thoughts of their persecutor: it is a pleasure to those who love each other, to suffer in company.

The partridge flew to them every day, and brought news of them to the fairy and her guests. Myrtilla was much afflicted, and, without the company of the prince, would have been inconsolable: she resolved to keep up a correspondence with them, by means of the bird, and for that purpose tied a small bottle of ink about its neck, and gave it a pen in its beak. The good partridge, thus loaded, flew to the prison grate, and delivered its burden, which was received with joy by the young prisoners; but their joy was still more increased on perceiving a note, which they opened with great eagerness and impatience: it ran as follows:

MYRTILLA AND THE PRINCE, TO JERZINE AND LIRETTA.

I.

Lost from our sight, we mourn your fate,
With constant sighs and tears;

Alas! the ills that round you wait
May, perhaps, surpass our fears.

II.

But since her word the fairy gave
To make your lives her care,
We trust your minds the storm will brave,
And hope succeed despair.

III.

Believe, dear absent, suff'ring friends,
We share in all your woes:
Nor till your sad confinement ends
Shall think to taste repose.

This letter gave them infinite satisfaction, and they immediately set about writing an answer, in these words:

I.

Torn from you, as at first we thought,
To meet an early doom,
Your verse, with soothing kindness fraught,
Has cheer'd our prison's gloom.

II.

Enchain'd, devoted, still we live,
Shut from the sight of day;
But virtue's charms that peace will give
Which none can take away.

III.

And mutual love that swells our hearts,
Tho' tyrant chains annoy,
Shall dry each woe-taught tear that starts,
And turn each pang to joy.

Jerzine having tied the billet to the neck of the partridge, it flew to the fairy, with great ex-

pedition: the Prince and Myrtilla received it with great pleasure; but the Good Woman could not dissipate the sorrow which she experienced at being separated from two persons that were so dear to her. "How unfortunately my happiness is disturbed," said she to the fairy Tutine: "I am only in this world to be perpetually agitated: I thought lately I was out of the reach of misfortunes, but how my expectations are disappointed."—"And do not you know," demanded the fairy, "that it is impossible to be happy in this life, and that it is not our place to complain? You ought to bear your sufferings without murmuring, and without repining."—"I know it well," returned the Good Woman, "but, Madam, I beg of you to watch over the destiny of my children; preserve them from harm, and then I shall be reconciled to my fate."—"They have not obeyed my commands," interrupted Tutine; "but nevertheless I forgive them: let us, therefore, proceed to think of a remedy."

The fairy Tutine went into her study with the Good Woman; she read almost the whole night, and at length, having looked in a large volume which she seldom perused, of which the covers were of gold, she sunk into a deep and excessive melancholy. The day was just beginning to dawn, when the Good Woman,

perceiving tears trickle down her cheeks, and fall upon the leaves of her book, ventured to enquire the cause of her grief. "I am afflicted," said she, "at the terrible destiny that hangs over our little progeny, and which I am afraid to make known to you."—"Are they dead?" cried the Good Woman, eagerly. "No," returned the fairy, "but nothing can save them? unless you or I will give ourselves up to the king's vengeance and fury: I confess the truth, Madam," continued the fairy, "I neither feel enough of love for them, or possess enough of courage, to go and expose myself to the cruel torments which the king will inflict; and I feel confident that no one would be able to make so great a sacrifice, on any account whatever."—"Pardon me, Madam," answered the Good Woman, with firmness, "I will go to the king; nothing appears too great a sacrifice to me, by which I can save the life of my children; I would freely spill for them every drop of blood that runs in my veins."

The fairy Tutine could not but admire this greatness of soul: she promised to assist her as much as lay in her power; but found herself limited by the fault which they had committed; notwithstanding, the Good Woman took leave of her, without informing the Prince and Myr-

tilla of her design, in order that she might not give them any uneasiness.

At length she departed, the partridge flying before her. No sooner had they passed the tree of iron, than the faithful bird plucked with its beak a small quantity of green moss, which grew upon the trunk, and let it fall into the hands of its mistress. "When you are in the greatest danger that you can be," said the partridge, "throw this moss under the feet of the king." The Good Woman had scarcely time to consider its value and to conceal it, than she was suddenly surrounded and taken by the emissaries of the king, who always kept some of his people to watch the actions of the fairy.

They immediately took her before the monarch, who was seated on his throne, in his hall of audience, exercising cruelty and oppression. "What then, I have you at last, detestable reptile," cried the furious king, "I will have you put to death instantly, by the most cruel tortures that can be invented."—"I seek nothing but death," answered she, "and am come here but for that purpose; but spare the lives of my children, who are innocent, and take my life, which I give up for their sakes.

All those who were present felt the most lively grief; they admired her resolution, and shed tears for her unhappy fate, which seemed

to be irrevocably fixed. The good queen did all she could to save the life of her friend, but the king felt such indignation at her intercessions, that he would have killed her on the spot, if she had not made a speedy retreat.

This barbarous monarch commanded that the Good Woman should be imprisoned and fed with the greatest delicacies, that her death might appear the more dreadful. He ordered a large pit to be dug, in which were put all kinds of venomous reptiles; scorpions, adders, and asps. On a certain day appointed, the Good Woman was brought out of her dungeon, to be precipitated into this dreadful abyss. The king stood by the side of the pit, ordering every thing to be prepared for the execution, and his officers obeyed him with alacrity, though not without to their master, the torments they had prepared for another. They were proceeding to tie the hands of the Good Woman, but she begged them to desist, assuring them she was perfectly resigned to her fate: then considering she had no time to lose, she approached the king, and threw the fatal moss under his feet: he was standing by the edge of the frightful gulf, contemplating, with pleasure, the torments within, when his feet flew from under him, by means of the slippery moss, and he fell headlong into the midst of those sanguinary creatures, who imme-

ELENOR finished her interesting narrative, which she had repeated with great simplicity and genuine expression, and Reginal, stimulated by the commendations she received, eagerly pressed the baron and baroness to proceed to the next picture. They readily complied, and, as usual, the velvet curtain drew up on their approach. The baroness started at first beholding it; but checking the involuntary impulse, as being a weakness that her children might be led to imitate, she surveyed the picture with attention. It represented a graceful youth in complete armour, combating a fierce looking man, who was mounted on a fiery dragon, while under the monster's claws lay the delicate form of a lovely maiden. "And what have we here?" asked the baron, with a smile; "is my little Reginald meaning to affright us with a terrible display of spectres and giants?"—"That you shall know," answered the little pupil of the Fairy Benina, "as soon as I have your leave to begin;" and observing every one waiting for his narrative, he thus began the story of the *Young Shepherd*.

THE YOUNG SHEPHERD.

THE EIGHTH TALE.

In the verdant plains of a valley, watered by many clear streams, Armorine attended the flocks of his father. The lofty hills that surrounded these scenes of retirement, also afforded them nutritious pasturage, and gave ample employment for the exertions of the young Shepherd, to prevent their wandering too far.—This duty he discharged with unceasing care, and greatly would he have thought himself recompensed, had he found at home that degree of paternal tenderness which he felt he had a right to expect. The old shepherd had another son, who was lame and deformed, and on this

boy he lavished all the fondness of which his heart was capable: he was somewhat older than Armorine, and the indulgence to which he had been accustomed, had made his disposition as hideous as his person was distorted and frightful. He was allowed to exercise the most inhuman tyranny over his brother, who was compelled, by frequent and severe blows, to submit, without murmuring, to all his caprices: the worst food the cottage afforded was generally given to Armorine for his day's provision, when he went out to tend the sheep, and even this was sometimes withheld from him, if his unnatural brother took it into his head to wish it so. However, the natural sweetness of his disposition was not to be destroyed by this harsh treatment; he judged that his father must have some reason, into which he had no right to enquire, for thus inuring him to hardships, and this thought greatly consoled him, especially when he observed that his brother, to whom every indulgence was allowed, was constantly unhappy. He therefore resolved to continue faithful in the discharge of the duties confided to him: he went cheerfully to his labour, and even when deprived of his daily pittance, contrived to satisfy his hunger as the flocks satisfied theirs, by such roots and vegetables as he found *in his* way. The goodness of his heart and the

gentleness of his demeanour, though they failed to endear him to his father and brother, yet seemed not to be without effect upon the flock that he had in charge: they were every one so attached to him, that they would follow the sound of his voice, so as greatly to have abridged his labour in attending them; but, in return for this regard, he constantly took pains to lead them to the sweetest pastures that the hills or the valley afforded, and when, at night, he fastened them up in their fold, he parted from them with as much regret as if they had been a society of intimate and dear friends. He generally retired to his little bed, as soon as the perverse humour of his tyrannical brother was tired with tormenting him, and, as he sunk into sleep, he ever fancied that he heard a voice soothing him in these words:

> "Taste, undisturb'd, such balmy sweet repose,
> As labour gives, and only virtue knows,—"

and he soon forgot the toils and hardships of the day; but, as the morning dawn streaked the eastern sky with its blushing tints, the same voice seemed to rouse him to a renewal of his exertions:

> Awake, refresh'd; to labour rise,
> Nor think the task severe:
> Labour the love of rest supplies,
> And sweetens humble cheer.

Thus, finding sources of consolation in himself, he would have been able to bear his hardships with composure, but the brutality of the old shepherd, and the tyrannical insolence of his deformed son, increased daily, and they even went so far as to make contrivances to torment him in the night, in order to rob him of that sleep which he seemed hitherto to enjoy in spite of them.

Armorine was arrived at his fifteenth year, and began to feel himself incapable of enduring, much longer, the treatment which he experienced from those who were bound to cherish and protect him, when one evening being returned from his daily charge, the old man, in his usual savage tone, thus addressed him: "To-morrow, insolent vagrant, will I turn thee out from this habitation, that thou mayst no longer be a burden to me. Know that, while yet an infant, thou wast brought to my cottage by an old woman, who left a sum of money for thy support, which she promised to repeat every year following: this she has failed to perform for the last three years, and therefore I will now turn thee out upon the wide world, to seek for those who have more right to provide for thee than I have." With that he rudely thrust the unoffending youth into his little apartment, denying him the customary allowance of a crust

and some water, for his evening meal. This once he sought in vain for rest, and tossed about on his straw bed during the whole night: the idea of having lost all claim to a relationship, even with the savage whom he lately considered as his father, and thence forwards of being left an outcast, for whom no one had any regard, caused him the severest anguish. However, as the morning appeared, he arose, and quitted the cottage, determining to avoid the unpleasantness of being forcibly expelled: he went to the fold, to take a parting look at his flock, caressing each of them in turn, and, as he departed, they all bleated after him as if to bid him a last adieu. He traversed the valley where he had spent all of his life that he remembered, and then passed the summits of the neighbouring mountains.—The view now before him appeared extremely unpromising and difficult; embarrassed, as far as he could see, with thick and extensive woods. Though greatly discouraged by the sight, he descended the mountain, and entered the wood that was nearest to him, by a path, the traces of which were scarcely discernible. Involved in the dark shade of interwoven branches, he proceeded for some hours, notwithstanding the close underwood that frequently obstructed his way. His limbs began at last to feel weary; and hunger, which he had not satisfied since the

middle of the day before, now pressed him with insupportable cravings. While considering how he should relieve this distress, he was startled by the shaking of a thicket, not far distant from him: a hare, as white as snow, sprung out of it, followed by a very large fox. The affrighted animal ran to him, and the thought of being able to afford assistance to any living creature, so warmed the bosom of Armorine, that he immediately raised the crook with which he had hitherto supported his steps, and employed it so well, that he soon laid the ravenous pursuer dead on the earth.

Armorine then took the trembling hare to his arms, soothing her with the most tender caresses, and her alarm seemed rapidly to subside; but, no sooner had she recovered her tranquillity, than she sprung out of his arms, and was out of sight in a moment.

These circumstances, of a kind so new to the young shepherd, plunged him in a state of surprise and confusion, and, while endeavouring to collect his scattered thoughts, his attention was attracted by observing at his feet a large ring, set with various kinds of precious stones. He took it up, and as he admired the colour and brilliancy of the stones, he observed, in the inside of the setting, these words deeply engraved:

"'Tis but to ask; this magic ring
Will grant your wish in every thing."

Armorine put the ring on his finger, and sat down on the twisted roots of a venerable tree, to consider what use he should make of the power thus given him. The calls of hunger first suggested to him the idea of calling for an immediate supply of food; but recollecting that, with a little labour, he could supply these wants, as he had done many times before, and determining to make a more important use of the opportunity now afforded him, "Grant me," cried he, "O! benevolent powers that attend the service of this wonderful ring, grant me but the means of instruction for the attainment of knowledge, and I will freely acquit you of all future obligation." Immediately a tablet appeared at his feet, which he took up and observed on it, written at the top,

"Of good or useful this, when asked, will shew,
In written language all man ought to know."

Delighted, he clasped the invaluable present to his breast, and, in a transport threw away the ring, exclaiming, "Useless now are thy resources, for he who possesses the means of knowledge, possesses every thing." As he uttered these words, his ear caught the sound of distant music, like voices singing in chorus: the musi-

cians seemed advancing towards him, and, at last, he distinguished the words of an air sung by a single voice to the sweetest melody.

"Happy he whose early choice,
Leads his steps to Wisdom's way:
Sweet to hear is Wisdom's voice,
Bright from heaven is Wisdom's ray.

"Rapidly shall pass thy hours
While new truths enlarge thy mind;
Science woos thee to her bowers,
There to taste of joys refined."

The sounds ceased, and left so soothing an impression on the mind of Armorine, that it was a long time before he recollected the necessity of seeking for some kind of food. In this research, however, he soon succeeded, and made a delicious meal of some wild berries which he found in great numbers in the thickets around him. These duties being fulfilled, he applied himself, with indefatigable pains, to collect and study the different herbs, roots, and minerals which this extensive forest afforded, and, by constantly recurring to his invaluable tablet, which answered all his enquiries, he obtained a very extensive knowledge of the inanimate world, both as to names and properties.—Thus employed, the time glided rapidly away; the days spent in study, and the nights in re-

freshing sleep on some mossy bank, under the spreading branches of luxuriant forest trees.

One day having wandered much beyond the usual extent of his excursions, he observed the trees were formed into a more close and deep shade than he had observed in any other part, and, led by curiosity to examine it, he soon found himself before the entrance of a grotto, worked out of a solid rock. Various wild shrubs and flowers grew in profusion about it, and gave to the whole a most striking and interesting appearance. Armorine put aside with his hand some of the branches that hung in festoons covered with fragrant blossoms, and made his way into the place; but the first thing that struck his sight started and shocked him: he saw, extended upon a bed of dried leaves, the lifeless body of an old man, that appeared almost worn to a skeleton. As soon as he could withdraw his eyes from the contemplation of this object, he examined other parts of the grotto, from which it was evident to him that the body he saw was that of a recluse, who had worn out his days to their natural period, in studious solitude. He determined, therefore, to dig a grave, and inter the aged hermit; and then, satisfied with the pious duty he had thus performed, he took possession of the grotto as his future residence. In it he found a store of

valuable books in every branch of knowledge, which he studied with incessant pains. In this pursuit he spent nearly three years, filling his mind with valuable science, and invigorating his body by temperance and exercise.

When, however, Armorine had exhausted the treasure of information with which his discovery in the hermitage had supplied him, his days began to seem long and tedious for want of new occupations. "What," he would sometimes ask himself, "is the value of that knowledge which is confined exclusively to the bosom of the possessor? Tell me, O! my faithful instructor, how I shall make serviceable to others that information which some unseen power has furnished me with the means of obtaining." He looked on his tablet and read,

"Knowledge is the gift of Heaven,
As a general blessing given;
He who locks it in his breast
Sins against the high behest.

Seek society with men,
In their busiest scenes, and then
The use of knowledge, thou wilt find,
Is to benefit mankind."

The instruction was too explicit to have admitted of any difficulty in the interpretation; but as it coincided so exactly with the inclination of Armorine, he determined to begin upon

it directly, and made his preparations accordingly: he filled a small wallet with dried roots, and, supported by his crook, set out to make acquaintance with that world, of which, as yet, he knew so little. The only objects he regretted to leave behind him, were the books he had found in the hermitage; yet as he had read these with a mind undivided by objects of dissipation, the whole of their contents was safely treasured in his memory, so that he trusted no time would be able to eradicate them.

The forest was of immense extent, and he traversed it for several days, uncertain as to the road that would lead him into human society: sometimes the trees opened into spacious lawns, covered with the richest verdure, and sometimes closed their branches into an almost impenetrable darkness. When hunger pressed him, or when fatigue suggested the necessity of repose, he took what nature required, and, refreshed, pursued his way. At length he observed the trees not so closely arranged, and the lawns more frequent and spacious; from which he inferred that he was gradually approaching an open country: this idea induced him to increase his exertions, which brought him in sight of a small village, composed of many scattered cottages. But now a new difficulty occurred in the mind of Armorine, as to the manner of in-

troducing himself to the society within his reach, and he remained debating his point, without coming to any determination, till the evening was about to close in; he then, at last, resolved to approach the nearest habitation, and ask for admittance. He found the door closed, but knocking gently, it was opened by a decent young woman, who seemed struck by his appearance, and waited in silence to hear the cause of his application. The figure of Armorine indeed was such as could not fail to interest every beholder: his person was by nature finely formed, and the habit of strong exercise, in which he had been brought up, had given firmness and grace to every limb: his countenance was inexpressibly sweet, and, though his solitary life and late severe studies, had given it an air of sedateness more than might be expected in so young a man, his whole features, when occasion required it, exhibited the most enchanting vivacity. He leaned forward upon his staff, in the attitude of entreaty, and asked leave to rest himself under their roof. "We are poor," said the woman, opening the door still wider, "but what we have you shall share with us." Armorine entered, and found the husband of his hostess lying on a kind of rural bench, apparently suffering great pain: a table had just been spread with such humble provisions as the place

afforded, and the young traveller was invited to partake of it, but his sympathetic mind would not allow him to think of his own wants, till he had enquired into the cause of that anguish, which seemed to press hard upon the good man of the cottage.

"The inhabitants of this neighbourhood," answered the rustic, "support themselves by the produce of their flocks; and happy should we think ourselves, if we might be permitted to enjoy those benefits unmolested; but the people of another kingdom, which borders close upon ours, have been long in the habit of living upon such plunder as they can carry forcibly away from their neighbours; for this purpose, a small party of them came upon us a few days ago, and were driving away our flocks with impunity: I could not bear to see this, and therefore taking the arms which I had formerly worn in the service of our king, I persuaded the rest of the villagers to join me in forming an ambuscade, for the purpose of cutting off the plunderers in their retreat. Their surprise at so unlooked-for an attack, enabled us soon to defeat them, and we brought our flocks triumphantly back; but in the conflict I received the wound of a lance in my shoulder, which has kept me in torment ever since, notwithstanding the application of such amongst us as are sup-

posed to know something of medicine." Armorine asked to see the wound, and, having viewed it, darted out of the house in an instant.—The last rays of the sun just served to guide him to those herbs which he knew would afford relief to his host, and he returned so speedily that the good man and woman had scarcely recovered from the surprise in which his sudden flight had left them. "I think," said he, on entering, with a cheerful but modest air, "I can give you some relief." The herbs which he had collected, were immediately applied, and by the effect they soon produced, seemed to promise all that had been predicted of them.

The continued attentions of Armorine succeeded at last in performing a complete cure, and while it was in expectation, he constantly attended the flocks of his patient; going out with them to their pasture in a morning, and constantly seeing them folded on their return in the evening. The knowledge of these circumstances was soon spread about the village, and the youthful stranger was looked upon as a being of a superior kind. His enlightened mind enabled him to give them many hints of improvement in their rural occupations, and his advice was considered as infallible. The health of the worthy cottager was scarcely re-established, when the whole village was thrown into conster-

nation by the intelligence, that a large body of their rapacious neighbours was advancing under the command of a daring leader to revenge their late defeat. The spirits of young Armorine were instantly roused by this information, and his bosom glowed with a degree of enthusiasm to which it had heretofore been a stranger; he seized and armed himself with the helmet, cuirass and sword of his host, and, rushing out, was soon joined by all the young men of the village, who felt assured of the happiest success under their new leader. By his advice they posted themselves on the opposite summits of a narrow defile, through which the invaders must necessarily pass, and, as soon as they entered it, rolled down upon them large fragments of rocks that soon put them in complete confusion. Armorine seized this happy moment, and putting himself at the head of this little band, descended, with the rapidity of lightning, upon the foe.—The leader of this body of plunderers, exasperated at finding his success doubtful, dealt round him the most furious blows, and for a long time with impunity, as the complete armour he wore secured him from the lances of his adversaries, and many of the innocent villagers fell wounded before him. Armorine, in the mean time, gave death at every stroke where he fought; but observing how the adverse leader laid his

friends prostrate, he rushed towards him with the fury of an enraged and hungry lion, and collecting all his strength for the attack, let fall such a terrible blow on the shoulder of his enemy, that it penetrated his armour and severed his arm from his body. The invaders immediately gave way, on seeing their leader fall, and Armorine, aided by his companions, pressed upon them incessantly, and put them to a complete rout. The safety of their lands and flocks being thus ensured, they returned to the scene of their victory to take care of the wounded, and, supporting those upon branches of trees, carried by such as were most able, they entered the village, greeted by the acclamations of all their friends and relatives; and it was now that Armorine first perceived that his companions, in order to shew their admiration of his courage and strength, had stripped the enemy's leader of his arms, and were carrying them in truimph to the cottage that had sheltered the young hero.

His next care was to dress and heal the wounded, in which, after some weeks, he compleatly succeeded, and the peace, happiness, and security of this rural community, seemed to be once more fully established. Armorine determined to avail himself of the ascendency these late transactions gave him over the minds of his associates, to induce them to cultivate some

branches of science, of which he himself felt the full force and beauty; but though they heard his admonitions with the most respectful attention, he could not succeed in prevailing upon them to undertake those studies which seemed to promise no addition to their happiness, or to the improvement of their immediate occupations. Thus failing to find in his associates, an elevation of sentiment congenial to his own, the breast of Armorine, tired with the too great leisure of a pastoral life, began to pant for other society. He was one evening reclined on the bank of a clear stream, indulging these reflections, and forming little baskets from the branches of a willow that grew over his head, when he observed a small box floating towards him: he drew it to the bank with his crook, and anxious to see the contents, he drew off the lid; but words cannot describe his astonishment and emotion, when he observed in it a small picture, set round with diamonds, representing a young lady of incomparable beauty, rendered even more interesting by an air of soft melancholy, spread over the countenance, and a tear that seemed starting from the eye. He gazed with silent wonder on the lovely image, while his heart panted to share or alleviate the tender sorrow it appeared to feel: at last he observed a paper carefully folded up and

laid by the side of the portrait: he immediately opened it and read,

If beauty's sighs have pow'r to touch thy heart;
If beauty's streaming eyes thy soul can move,
Seize thy best arms, and with the dawn impart—
A princess asks her freedom and thy love.
By her bright charms thy toils shall be repaid—
Charms which by art are faintly here pourtray'd.

But direful perils wait his 'vent'rous head
That dares aspire the matchless prize to gain:
If then thy soul can start with sudden dread,
Oh! shun the contest, for thy toils were vain.
For only he shall gain the bright reward,
Whose arm in beauty's cause has nobly dar'd.

The perusal of these lines made Armorine feel a new cause of interest in the fate of the lovely object whose image had been so unexpectedly presented to his view; he deemed himself called upon in honour, as well as by a secret passion, to attempt all in his power for the release of the lovely captive; but as the paper gave him no kind of clue, by which to direct his search, he determined to consult his tablets, on which he read the following lines, that disappeared, as usual, the moment he had perused them.

By magic pow'r confin'd, a royal maid,
With tears and sighs, now prays to heaven for aid;

A fierce enchanter in his gloomy tow'r
Has long detained her by infernal pow'r,
And still her virtuous breast is doomed to grieve,
'Till some bold hand the tyrant's death achieve.

This communication elucidated, considerably, the nature of the undertaking, and even increased his anxiety to set about it; but it did not furnish Armorine with the least intelligence as to the quarter of the globe in which he should seek the tyrant or his fair prisoner. He therefore determined once more to consult his tablets, which instructed him as follows;

With speed depart; in the just cause confide,
And heaven, that guides the good, will be *thy* guide.

He treasured up the picture, as well as the paper that accompanied it, in his bosom, and returned immediately to the cottage, where he informed the good shepherd and his wife of the necessity he was under to leave them in the morning, though not with the cause of it; and he spent the remainder of the night in fitting up the armour which he obtained in his late victory.

The modest grey of twilight just gleamed above the eastern horizon, when Armorine, quitting the cottage, set out on the dangerous enterprize. Perfect stillness reigned around; the head of the labourer still rested on his hum-

ble pillow, and even the early birds of the morning had not yet begun to salute the rising dawn with their melodious songs; but the mind of the young adventurer, wholly occupied by his new passion, observed not the repose that pervaded all nature. He soon passed the last habitation of the village, and proceeded forward as the road directed: the burning heat of the mid-day sun, however, soon compelled him to seek a more sheltered path, and he turned aside into an adjoining wood for that purpose. Scarcely had he entered the cooling shade, than he was surprised by the appearance of a beautiful steed, fully caparisoned, that came bounding towards him: the sagacious animal stopped as soon as he reached Armorine, and put himself immediately in a position to be mounted.

This new instance of favour and protection, from an invisible power, was not to be slighted: he therefore seized the rein, and vaulting into the saddle, returned to the road he had lately left. With this assistance Armorine travelled the rest of the day, and came in the evening to a place where the road branched off four different ways: this at first held him in suspense; but recollecting the important admonition he had last received from his tablets, he laid the bridle on the neck of his horse, who finding *himself* at liberty, turned to the right, and went

on with unabated speed during the whole night. The road had for some time been upon a considerable ascent, and very rugged, as Armorine, notwithstanding the darkness, could observe, by the irregular pace at which he was carried: just as the day began to break, the horse stopped suddenly, and his rider, conceiving it a hint for him to dismount, quitted the saddle, and began to examine, as well as the dawning light would permit, the place in which he was arrived.

Armorine found himself at the beginning of a very rough path, that appeared to be broken in the side of an almost perpendicular mountain, and as there were no other traces whatever of a road, he determined to attempt this. After much labour, he made some progress in the ascent, and looking up to discover how much of the steep remained yet to surmount, he beheld the first rays of the sun shining on the turrets of a castle that stood on the summit of the mountain. He took out of his bosom the picture of the lovely captive, whom he trusted soon to release, and having looked upon it to strengthen his resolution, he recommenced his arduous journey, which cost him many hours of severe fatigue to accomplish.

He surveyed with surprise the strength and extent of the castle that now stood close before him; but what most excited his wonder was

the not being able to discover any appearance of an entrance to the immense pile. As this obstacle seemed calculated to defeat the sanguine hopes which his mind entertained, he determined to surround the building, and examine every part of it. To accomplish such a resolution, however, was a work of infinite danger and difficulty; for the castle was in some parts raised so close upon the edge of the precipice, as to leave scarcely breadth enough for a human foot to pass; yet as the vigour of an ardent mind is equal to all undertakings, Armorine made considerable progress in his examination, notwithstanding the risque he frequently ran of being dashed to pieces. Before he had made half the circuit, he was stopped by the appearance of one tower larger than the rest, which was entirely covered with plates of iron, and defended all over by innumerable projecting spikes of the same metal. This he concluded at once must be the place to which he had been directed, but the formidable appearance it made seemed to cut off every hope of success, from any attempt to scale it on the outside: one window only seemed to have been left for the purposes of light and air, and though not very much above his reach, it was effectually secured by a treble grating of massy iron bars; he determined however to try if he could not reach

it, by laying hold of the spikes, that were riveted in the iron plates; but his flesh, wherever it was not defended by his armour, soon got so exceedingly torn, that he was obliged to desist, without succeeding in his attempt. While engaged in making these efforts, he heard frequent sighs from a person within the tower, and as he relinquished the fruitless undertaking, his ears were saluted by a plaintive voice, that sung

I.

Gaily pass'd the blissful hours
While in freedom's walks I stray'd;
Virtue strew'd my way with flowers,
Under the paternal shade.

II.

Now confin'd, where none can hear me,
Days and nights in grief I spend;
Only hope is left to cheer me,—
Heaven-born hope, true virtue's friend.

Every word of this little air thrilled through the breast of Armorine, as it convinced him that this impenetrable tower contained the incomparable object of his wishes: he felt at first tempted to make a reply, assuring the lovely captive that her deliverance was approaching; but the indiscretion of such a proceeding soon occurred to him, and he hastened to seek an entrance into the castle, determined boldly to encounter every peril that might obstruct his success in

the adventure. Having examined nearly the whole of the building, he at last observed, suspended between two small towers, a bugle horn of an immense size, and engraved on a tablet of white marble under it,

I.

If thy adverse stars have led thee
Here, in hopes renown to gain,
Little will thy arms bestead thee,
'Gainst the mighty Garandane.

II.

Yet if bold, on death to venture—
Death bestow'd by ling'ring pain,
Blow this dreadful horn, and enter
To the halls of Garandane.

The soul of Armorine was too firm, too dignified, to be moved by verbal dangers: he snatched the mighty horn from the place where it hung, and blew a blast, that seemed to shake the whole castle to its foundation. Immediately the wall opened, and discovered a narrow passage, sufficient for a single person to enter; but this was defended by six men in complete armour, standing successively behind each other. Armorine, animated by the hopes of a reward that was to crown his victory, drew his sword, and, without waiting for a parley, assailed the nearest of his adversaries, whom he laid dead at a single blow, cutting him almost in two from the top of his head down to the

waist: the second, the third, and even the fourth, soon fell covered with innumerable wounds, while the youthful assailant remained uninjured. This so enraged the two remaining defenders of the castle, that they rushed out upon Armorine, trusting to destroy him by their united efforts. His mind, however, seemed to be invigorated by the increasing danger, and with a promptitude that nothing could evade, he made a thrust at one of his adversaries, that penetrated his shield, and passed quite through his body; but there, unfortunately, the weapon stuck, nor could the utmost efforts of Armorine's strength assist him to extricate it. Thus unarmed, and pressed close by his remaining opponent, he was obliged to give ground; but covered himself so well with his shield, that he had hitherto escaped without a wound. His enemy, as if meaning to finish the combat at a single blow; took his massy sword in both hands, and let fall a dreadful stroke at the head of the devoted Armorine. The agility of the youthful hero, however, saved him from the direful blow: he slipped lightly aside, and lifting up a huge fragment of rock, threw it with such Herculean force upon his astonished adversary, that he sunk down, mangled and torn, under the ponderous ruin.

His entrance to the castle appearing now un-

obstructed, the conqueror determined to take advantage of the opportunity, and, seizing the sword of his last antagonist, boldly advanced to the passage his valour had cleared for him.—He passed it unmolested, and found himself before the great portal of an immense pile of building, in the most magnificent style of gothic architecture, of a strength calculated to resist the most formidable artillery; though in a situation were every kind of military attack seemed to be impossible. Armorine ascended a flight of steps, and the gates being open, advanced into a large hall, the high roof of which was supported by a number of massy stone pillars, hung round with various kinds of arms and armour, the spoils of many valiant knights who had been slain by the six champions of the castle. Seated in a gloomy corner of the place appeared the figure of a venerable old man, bent down by the weight of years and sorrow. Absorbed in reflections on his own cruel fate, he did not observe the approach of Armorine, till he was very near him, when, startled by the sound of footsteps, he lifted up his head and gazed wildly on the young hero. "What power," said he, "has guided thy footsteps, ill-fated youth, into these scenes of cruelty and horror? fifty years have I pined away in this captivity, and, during *that* long period, not one human being till now

has entered these dreary walls, but in chains.—Alas! the castle of the impious Garandaine is like the dreaded jaws of the grave, which never again yields up those who once become its victims."

"I come," replied Armorine, "to deliver a princess, and the invisible power that guides such as intend justice, has enabled me to vanquish the defenders of the castle."—"Art thou," eagerly demanded the old man, "art thou born of royal blood? For it is written in the fate of Garandane that his sorceries shall prevail till the bravest and most accomplished prince in the world shall come against him."—"My birth," answered Armorine, modestly, "is humble; but my life is of no value to any one, and I shall not regret to sacrifice it in an undertaking to which I have cheerfully devoted myself. Assist me, therefore, I beseech you, with your advice and instruction in what part of this immense pile I may hope to find the dreaded tyrant, and you shall not fail to share the release which I trust in being able to afford to the object of my solicitude."

The hoary captive looked doubting on Armorine, and heaving a deep sigh, answered, "Whatever fate the destinies have reserved for thy courage and intrepidity, the time is not yet arrived to decide. The sorcerer is now absent

from the castle, on some excursion of cruelty and malice, and will not return yet for some hours. It has perhaps escaped thy observation, that I am chained to the stone on which I sit, and I should be as ignorant as a distant stranger of the events passing within, but that Garandane has purposely contrived, for his own security, that there should be no passage in or out of the castle but through this hall: the miserable slave, too, who daily brings my bread and water, acquaints me some time with what is going on. The tale of my misfortunes may probably instruct thee to avoid a similar fate, and, as time is not yet ripe for thy exertions, the enterprise will lose nothing by the delay.

"I was born heir to a neighbouring kingdom, and my father being united both by marriage and affection to the most lovely woman in his dominions, thought himself happy beyond the power of chance. He had prided himself in the many years of uninterrupted peace he had procured for his subjects; but that peace caused the ruin of my father and his whole kingdom. The sovereign of an adjoining territory had long been envious of the prosperity and wealth of our nation, and, having long before been disgracefully routed, in the various attempts he had made to invade us, he resolved to wait till the arts of peace and commerce should

have lulled us into a thoughtless security. In this design he was but too successful: my father, knowing his own honourable intentions, unfortunately supposed others to be as faithful as himself to their engagements, and suspected not the gathering storm, till it burst upon him. Our ferocious and implacable neighbour poured his armies into our dominions, and our people, enervated by the pursuit of peaceful arts alone, sunk before the fierce invaders, like corn by the sickle of the industrious reaper. The king, though astonished by the unexpected attack, did every thing that became a monarch and a soldier; but courage and science can do little against numbers and discipline; and after sustaining more than one signal defeat, he was on the point of quitting his territory for ever, when my mother advised him to ask succour of Garandane, whose fame as a powerful necromancer, was even then spread wide to distant countries. My father, yielding to her importunity, quitted his capital in the night, to seek him in a grotto not far off, which he was known to frequent, and found him ready to afford the required assistance; but he demanded, in return, that both my parents should pledge themselves to grant whatever recompence he should chuse to ask, as soon as the enemy was expelled. Unhappily, the compact was signed, and Ga-

randane, in the night following, contrived, by his infernal agents, to stop up the course of the great river, near which our enemies were encamped, and thereby so overflowed the country, that not one of the invading army escaped.

"Highly sensible of the benefit thus rendered him, my father, with the most grateful expressions, offered one half of his kingdom to his deliverer; but that was not what he wished: he demanded the immediate possession of my mother, as a reward for his services. This the king positively refused, and the wicked wretch, relying on his power, seized the unhappy queen, and was on the point of carrying her away, when she drew a dagger, and, preferring death to dishonour, plunged it in her faithful heart. The fell monster, seeing my mother expire, and finding himself thus deprived of the gratification of one passion, determined not to be disappointed of his revenge, the darling passion of the wicked. He bound my father in chains, to carry him prisoner to his castle, and I, then an infant, should, doubtless, have shared the same fate, had not an affectionate servant of the queen's concealed me in her robe, and carried me out of the palace. She brought me up with the care and tenderness of a parent, constantly inspiring me with the desire of vengeance.

"As soon as I had reached the period of man-

hood, I shewed myself to the subjects of my father, and soon established myself on the throne of my ancestors, where I might have reigned, probably, in peace, from the love the people bore to my family; but I felt myself bound to ascertain the fate of my lost parent, and to revenge his injuries: I therefore took arms, and travelled to seek the sorcerer here in his den. The entrance, which has since been closed, was then open, though guarded by two knights, whom I slew after an obstinate contest: I then entered this hall, which had, at that time, few of the trophies that now surround it, and meeting with no impediment, or even the appearance of a living creature, I proceeded onwards through that vaulted passage on the right hand, which appears to be the only avenue to the interior of the castle. I pursued the way for a considerable time, and came at last to a very magnificent apartment, where an entertainment appeared to be just served up, consisting of every delicacy that the fancy could suggest, or the appetite wish for: every viand was served upon a dish of gold, the most brilliant wines sparkled in many goblets round the table, and innumerable bunches of flowers, artfully placed between the meats, gratified the eye by their various tints, and the smell by their aromatic odours. I stopt, incautiously, to look on this repast, and

the sight gave an irresistible keenness to that hunger, which I had sustained during two days of a most laborious journey. I took one of the goblets, to refresh my drooping strength with a few drops of the wine it contained, but scarcely had I tasted it, than I sunk to the ground without sense or motion.

"How long I continued in this state, or what happened during my insensibility, I am unable to say: when, however, I recovered to the knowledge of surrounding objects, I found myself in this hall, chained to this stone, where I have spent near half a century, weeping over my misfortunes, and the melancholy fate of many heroes, who have lost their lives in attempts for my deliverance."

This distressful history of the royal captive, gave Armorine a new motive, had any been wanting, to urge his soul on to vengeance, and, with undaunted resolution, he marched boldly into the passage where he was taught to expect so many dangers. The survey he had taken of the castle, had enabled him to calculate exactly the situation of the tower, where he judged his search was to end, and he resolved, if possible, to penetrate to it, thinking that if he could release the lovely captive before the return of Garandane, he should then have accomplished the *high* purpose to which he had been called, and

it would signify little; if he should afterwards sustain that defeat, to which, by the prediction, his want of royal ancestors seemed likely to subject him. He reached the apartment which had been so fatal to his predecessor, and found the dangerous table spread with such a profusion of delicacies, as greatly surpassed the description of it: a number of beautiful females, negligently dressed, stood near it, as if ready to wait on the guests that were expected; and as soon as they saw Armorine, they ran hastily towards him, making use of every soothing persuasion, and every blandishment in their power, to induce him to taste the refreshments. Their solicitations were, however, in vain: the mind of a hero is not to be enticed by the allurements of sensuality, and he instantly rushed from them, to a door on the opposite side of the apartment, which he conceived would lead him towards the object of his wishes. Scarcely had he crossed the place, than the females, who had been before so courteous to him, uttered loud cries, and ran out by different avenues; and Armorine, turning to look once more on the temptation he had past, saw the table, with all its dainties, overset, and a mass of filth and offal exposed to view, that had been concealed under it. He then opened the door, to which he had advanced, and passed through many long passages, that led him

into as many open courts, till at last he arrived in sight of the iron-covered tower. Joy filled his heart, on finding himself so near the end of his labours; nor did he feel the least intimidated, on seeing the entrance to the tower guarded by two gigantic figures, covered with ponderous armour, and each bearing an enormous iron club.

Armorine prepared himself for the unequal combat with alacrity, and advanced to engage the terrific pair: they raised their massy weapons, as if by mechanical impulse, and discharged them at him, with a force sufficient to have annihilated, in a moment, the intended victim; but his activity was equal to his strength, and he evaded the attack by stepping lightly aside: he then seized the momentary opportunity, and discharged a mighty blow on the right arm of his nearest adversary. The weapon had scarcely touched its destined object, than the whole figure, which had been formed by enchantment, fell to pieces with a dreadful crash, and another blow, in the same manner, reduced the remaining guardian of the tower to a heap of fragments.

The miraculous protection thus evidently afforded him, filled the bosom of Armorine with gratitude. The loss of his own sword, in combat with the first champions of Garandane,

which he then considered a misfortune, now appeared to have been the providential means of arming him with the charmed weapon of his sixth adversary, which had been endowed, for the defence of the castle, with a temper that no magic arms could resist. Touched by the point of this wonder-working sword, the massy bolts and bars also that secured the narrow entrance of the tower, gave way in an instant, yielding a free passage to the victor.

Armorine, with a throbbing heart and timid step, entered the apartment of the fair captive: but words are unequal to describe the object that met his astonished sight. A figure of the most exquisite grace and beauty, which he knew immediately by its resemblance to the small portrait, was seated on a sofa of crimson velvet: her beautiful ivory arm supported her head, as she turned up her eyes, shining with silent tears, towards the light that beamed through the iron grate of her solitary prison, and her hair, in a profusion of gracefully-waving curls, hung down her back and shoulders.

Struck with wonder, with irresistible love, at the sight, the hero, who but now had braved, undaunted, the most unequal conflicts, lost at once the energies of his mind and body: his tongue refused to assist with speech, and his limbs trembled as he stood gazing. At length,

recovering himself a little, he bent his knee to the ground, and sighing, said, "Lovely and incomparable princess, behold your deliverer, who, in the same moment, becomes your slave." The princess, absorbed in her grief, had not observed the entrance of Armorine; but now, turning to look upon him, her countenance sparkled with the animation of sudden joy, which was soon checked by a deep blush, that instantly spread itself over her beautiful features. Then clasping her hands together upon her bosom, as if moved by some internal contemplation, "Kind and beneficient fairy," she ejaculated, "thou hast not deceived me."

"Madam," said Armorine, respectfully taking her hand, "suffer me to lead you from this desolate abode, while you may pass unmolested."—"Pardon me," replied the princess, rising to depart, "pardon me, if my first expressions have not been employed in acknowledgments to you, my deliverer: I feel the value of the obligation you have conferred on me, which is greater than you can imagine, unless you were acquainted with the mysterious fate that has long hung over me. For the present I put myself gladly under your protection, and will not fail, at the first opportunity, to inform you of the causes that have led to my captivity."

They quitted the tower, and were advancing

across the court before it, when the princess uttered a loud cry and started, overcome with sudden horror. Armorine was not long in doubt as to the cause of this emotion, for he beheld the sorcerer, Garandane descending through the air on the back of a monstrous dragon. The terrified princess sunk fainting to the ground, in spite of the support her champion endeavoured to afford her, and the fell dragon, darting down, secured her with one of his immense claws, and with the other prepared to seize the undaunted Armorine, while his tremendous jaws poured out volumes of sulphureous flames- - - - - -

But the narrative of little Reginald was interrupted by a total darkness, that spread through the Temple of the Fairies, and the whole party remained confounded and astonished. The Fairy Benina took the hand of the Baroness, and desiring the Baron de Granville to follow, conducted them hastily towards the entrance of the grotto. Here taking a tender leave of them, she said, "Haste, I beseech you, to the castle, where you have much danger, and perhaps some distress, to encounter, which I did not foresee time enough to warn you against it. The malignant enemies of the virtuous have suddenly surprised the faithful guardians I set to watch over you, and may for a time prevail, but let

this consolation ever be in your mind, that the triumph of evil is but of short duration."

She ceased speaking, and disappeared: the baron and his distracted lady rushed out of the grotto, and hastened, with unspeakable anxiety towards their castle; but astonishment and horror took place of every other feeling, when they beheld, from a distance, the seat of their hospitable residence surrounded by armed men, and part of it in flames.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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